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Serfojee Rajah. 1830

VIVIAN GREY.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

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"Why then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

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BOOK THE SEVENTH.

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CHAPTER IV.

On the morning after the Court dinner, as Vivian was amusing himself over Von Chronicle's last new novel, Essper George announced Dr. von Spittergen. Our hero was rather annoyed at the kind interest which Madame Carolina evidently took in his convalescence. He was by no means in the humour to endure the affectations and perfumes of that most finical of prigs, a Court physician; but so important a personage could scarcely be refused admission, and accordingly Dr. von Spittergen entered the room. He was a very tall, and im-

mensely stout man, with a small head, short neck, and high shoulders. His little quick grey eyes saved his countenance from the expression of sullen dullness, which otherwise would have been given to it by his very thick lips. His dress was singular, and was even more striking from the great contrast which it afforded to the costume which Vivian had anticipated. There was no sword, no wig, no lace ruffles, no diamond ring. The tail of his dark mixture coat nearly reached the ground; its waist encircled his groin, and the lappets of his waistcoat fell over his thighs. He wore very square-toed shoes, and large silver buckles, and partridge-coloured woollen stockings were drawn over the knees of his black pantaloons. Holding in one hand his large straw hat, and in the other a gold-headed cane as big as Goliath's spear, without any preliminary, he thus addressed, in a loud voice, his new patient:—

"Well, Sir! what is the matter with you?"

"Pray be seated, doctor. The honour of this visit—very sensible—"

"Never sit down."

As Vivian, rather confounded by the unexpected appearance and manners of his visitor, did not immediately answer, Dr. von Spittergen again spoke.

"Well, Sir! have you got any thing to say to me?"

"Really, doctor, you are so very kind!—unnecessarily so.—I am not quite well—that is, not exactly quite well; perhaps a little cold—nothing more."

"*Little* cold, indeed! Why what would you have, young man;—the Plague?"

"Dr. von Spittergen," thought Vivian, "is evidently one of those mild practitioners, who are of opinion, that Learning is never so lovely as when Brutality is her handmaid; and that Skill is never so respected, as when she not only cures, but disgusts you."

"Ah!" continued the doctor; "I suppose you got this cold by forgetting to wear your gloves one day. Gloves are the origin of every disease. Nobody can expect to be well, who ever covers the palm of his hand."

"Well, doctor, I confess I do not ascribe my present indisposition to encouraging the glove manufactory of Reisenburg."

"Pish! what should you know about it, Sir?"

"Oh! nothing. Do not be alarmed that I am about to destroy a favourite theory."

"Pish! young men have always something to say; never to the purpose. Show your teeth, Sir! I don't want to see your tongue; show your teeth—all pulled out at five years old?—suppose you know nothing about it: well! if they were not, there is no chance for you; you will be an invalid all your life."

"Well, doctor!" said Vivian, with imperturbable good humour; "however crazy may be my body, I still trust, with your good assistance, to reach a very advanced period."

"You do, do you? I don't think you will; there's nothing of you; no stamina:—see what can be done though." Here the good doctor rang the bell.

"Kelner! go and ask your master for his list of medicines."

"Sir!" said the astonished waiter at the Grand Hotel of the Four Nations—"Sir!"

"What, are you deaf?—Go, and bring the list directly."

"I don't know what you mean, Sir."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Three days, Sir."

"Pish!—go, and tell your master what I said."

The waiter accordingly departed; and the master of the house, bowing and smiling, soon appeared in his own person.

"I beg your pardon, doctor," said he; "but it was a new hand who answered your bell;" and so saying the good gentleman delivered to Dr. von Spittergen the Carte des Vins.

"Stop here a moment, my friend!" said Von Spittergen, "while I prescribe for this young man." He began reading—"Vins de Bourgogne--pish! Clos de Vougeot—Mousseux—Chambertin—St. George—Richebourg—pish! vins de Bordeaux—Lafitte—Margaux—Haût-brion—Leonville—Medoc—Sauterne—Barsac

—Preignac—Grave—pish! pish! pish! pish!—Côtes du Rhône — paille — rouge—grillé — St. Peray—pish! pish! pish!—Champagne—p—i—s—h! ——Vins du Rhine—drank too much of them already—Porto-Porto—Ah! that will do—Give him a pint at two—Let him dine at that hour, en particulier—and not at the table d'hôte—Give him a pint, I say, with his dinner, and repeat the dose before he goes to bed. Young man, I have done for you all that human skill can—I have given you a very powerful medicine, but all medicine is trash—Are you a horseman?—you are! very well! I will send my daughter to you—good morning!"

Vivian duly kept his appointment with Madame Carolina. The Chamberlain ushered him into a Library, where Madame Carolina was seated at a large table covered with books and manuscripts. Her costume and her countenance were equally engaging. Fascination was alike in her smile, and her sash—her bow, and her buckle. What a delightful pupil to perfect in English pronunciation! Madame

pointed, with a pride pleasing to Vivian's feelings as an Englishman, to her shelves, graced with the most eminent of English writers. Madame Carolina was not like one of those admirers of English literature which you often meet on the Continent: people who think that Beattie's Minstrel is our most modern and fashionable poem; that the Night Thoughts are the masterpiece of our literature; and that Richardson is our only novelist. Oh, no!—Madame Carolina would not have disgraced May Fair. She knew Childe Harold by rote, and had even peeped into Don Juan. Her admiration of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, was great and similar. To a Continental liberal, indeed, even the Toryism of the Quarterly is philosophy; and not an under-Secretary ever yet massacred a radical innovator, without giving loose to some sentiments and sentences, which are considered rank treason in the meridian of Vienna.

After some conversation, in which Madame evinced great eagerness to gain details about the persons and manners of our most emi-

nent literary characters, she naturally began to speak of the literary productions of other countries; and in short, ere an hour was passed, Vivian Grey, instead of giving a lesson in English pronunciation to the Consort of the Grand Duke of Reisenburg, found himself listening, in an easy chair, and with folded arms, to a long treatise by that lady *de l'Esprit de Conversation*. It was a most brilliant dissertation. Her kindness in reading it to him was most particular; nevertheless, for unexpected blessings we are not always sufficiently grateful.

Another hour was consumed by the treatise. How she refined! what unexpected distinctions! what exquisite discrimination of national character! what skilful eulogium of her own! Nothing could be more splendid than her elaborate character of a repartee; it would have sufficed for an epic poem. At length Madame Carolina ceased *de l'Esprit de Conversation*, and Vivian was most successful in concealing his weariness, and testifying his admiration. "The evil is over," thought he; "I may as well gain credit for my good taste." The lesson in

English pronunciation, however, was not yet terminated. Madame was charmed with our hero's uncommon discrimination and extraordinary talents. He was the most skilful, and the most agreeable, critic with whom she had ever been acquainted. How invaluable must the opinion of such a person be to her, on her great work! No one had yet seen a line of it; but there are moments when we are irresistibly impelled to seek a confidant—that confidant was before her. The morocco case was unlocked, and the manuscript of Haroun Al Raschid revealed to the enraptured eye of Vivian Grey.

"I flatter myself," said Madame Carolina, "that this work will create a great sensation; not only in Germany. It abounds, I think, with the most interesting story, the most engaging incidents, and the most animated and effective descriptions. I have not, of course, been able to obtain any new matter respecting His Sublimity, the Caliph. Between ourselves, I do not think this is very important. As far as I have observed, we have *matter* enough in this world on every possible subject already. It is

manner in which the literature of all nations is deficient. It appears to me, that the great point for persons of genius now to direct their attention to, is the *expansion of matter.* This, I conceive to be the great secret; and this must be effected by the art of *picturesque writing.* For instance, my dear Mr. Grey, I will open the Arabian Night's Entertainments, merely for an exemplification, at the one hundred and eighty-fifth night—good! Let us attend to the following passage:—

'In the reign of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, there was at Bagdad a druggist, called Alboussan Ebn Thaher, a very rich handsome man. He had more wit, and politeness, than people of his profession ordinarily have. His integrity, sincerity, and jovial humour, made him beloved and sought after by all sorts of people. The Caliph, who knew his merit, had an entire confidence in him. He had so great an esteem for him, that he entrusted him with the care to provide his favourite ladies with all the things they stood in need of. He chose for them their clothes, furniture, and jewels, with

admirable taste. His good qualities, and the favour of the Caliph, made the sons of Emirs, and other Officers of the first rank, be always about him. His house was the rendezvous of all the nobility of the Court.'

"What capabilities lurk in this dry passage!" exclaimed Madame Carolina; "I touch it with my pen, and transform it into a chapter. It shall be one of those that I will read to you. The description of Alboussan alone demands ten pages. There is no doubt that his countenance was oriental. The tale says that he was handsome: I paint him with his eastern eye, his thin arched brow, his fragrant beard, his graceful mustachio. The tale says he was rich: I have authorities for the costume of men of his dignity in contemporary writers. In my history, he appears in an upper garment of green velvet, and loose trowsers of pink satin; a jewelled dagger lies in his golden girdle; his slippers are of the richest embroidery; and he never omits the bath of roses daily. On this system, which in my opinion elicits truth, for by it you are enabled to form a conception of

the manners of the age, on this system I proceed throughout the paragraph. Conceive my account of his house being the 'rendezvous of all the nobility of the Court.' What a brilliant scene! what variety of dress and character! what splendour! what luxury! what magnificence! Imagine the detail of the banquet; which, by the bye, gives me an opportunity of inserting, after the manner of your own Gibbon, 'a dissertation on sherbet.' What think you of the art of picturesque writing?"

"Admirable!" said Vivian; "Von Chronicle himself——"

"How can you mention the name of that odious man!" almost shrieked Madame Carolina, forgetting the dignity of her semi-regal character, in the jealous feelings of the author. "How can you mention him! A scribbler without a spark, not only of genius, but even of common invention. A miserable fellow, who seems to do nothing but clothe and amplify, in his own fantastic style, the details of a parcel of old chronicles!"

Madame's indignation reminded Vivian of

a very true, but rather vulgar proverb of his own country; and he extricated himself from his very awkward situation, with a dexterity worthy of his former years.

"Von Chronicle himself," said Vivian, "Von Chronicle himself, as I was going to observe, will be the most mortified of all on the appearance of your work. He cannot be so blinded by self-conceit, as to fail to observe that your history is a thousand times more interesting than his fiction. Ah! Madame Carolina, if you can thus spread enchantment over the hitherto weary page of history, what must be your work of imagination!"

CHAPTER V.

Although brought up with a due detestation of the Methuen treaty, Vivian by no means disapproved of Dr. von Spittergen's remedy. The wine was good and very old; for, not being a very popular liquor with any other European nation, except ourselves, the Porto-Porto had been suffered to ripen under the cobwebs of half a century, in the ample cellar of the Grand Hotel of the Four Nations, at Reisenburg. As Vivian was hesitating whether he should repeat the dose, or join the Court dinner, Essper George came into the room.

"Please your Highness, here is a lady who wants you!"

"A lady!—who can she be?"

"She did not give her name, but wishes to speak to you."

"Ask her to come up."

"I have, your Highness; but she is on horseback, and refused."

"What kind of person is she?"

"Oh," drawled out Essper, "she is not as tall as a horseguard, and yet might be mistaken for a church-steeple when there was a cloud over the moon; she is not as stout as Master Rodolph, and yet she would hardly blow away when the wind was down."

The fair horsewoman must not, however, be kept waiting, even if she were as mysterious as an unlaid ghost, or a clerk in a public office; and consequently, Vivian speedily made his bow to his interesting visitant.

Miss Melinda von Spittergen, for the Amazon was no other than the dread Doctor's fair daughter, was full six feet high, thin, and large boned; her red curly hair was cut very short behind; yet, in spite of this, and her high-boned cheeks, her fine florid complexion, blue eyes, small mouth, and regular white teeth, altogether

made up a countenance which was prepossessing. She was mounted on a very beautiful white horse, which never ceased pawing the ground the whole time that it stood before the Hotel; and she was dressed in a riding-habit of blue and silver, with buttons as large as Spanish dollars. As the construction of riding-habits is a subject generally interesting to Englishwomen, let me say, that Miss von Spittergen's was of a very full make, with a very long waist, and a very high collar. A pink cravat almost as effectively contrasted with the colour of her dress, as her white hat and feathers. She sat her spirited steed with the nonchalance of a perfect horsewoman; and there was evidently no doubt, that, had it been necessary, she could have used with becoming spirit her long-lashed riding-whip; the handle of which, I should not omit to mention, was formed of a fawn's foot, graced by a silver shoe.

"Good morning, Sir!" said Miss von Spittergen, as Vivian advanced. "My father hopes to have the pleasure of your company at dinner to-day. A ride is the very best thing he can

prescribe for you; and if you will order your horse, we will be off immediately."

"Dr. von Spittergen is very kind!" said Vivian, quite confused—quite wonder-struck.

"Oh! not at all; my father is always most happy to see his friends."

"Dr. von Spittergen is very kind," again stammered out our hero; "but I fear an unfortunate engagement—an——"

"I must take no refusal," said Miss von Spittergen, smiling: "a physician's commands are peremptory. You can have no engagement which may not be broken; for you should not have made one without his permission. He expects you at dinner, and to stay the night. Your bed is prepared."

"Really Dr. von Spittergen is very kind—but—quite ashamed—so much trouble—so—"

"Oh! not at all. If it were trouble, of course, we should not insist on that which would be alike disagreeable to our friends and to ourselves. Come, order your horse!"

"Really I cannot withstand," said Vivian, a little more collected, "what is at the same time

an invitation and a command. It gives me equal pleasure both to accept and to obey."

"I am very happy that I have not failed in my embassy," said Miss von Spittergen. "We will then be off: time presses. Marcus Aurelius flung a shoe on the road, and lost me half an hour, and I wish you to see a little of the country before dinner."

"I will detain you not five minutes; but will you not dismount and walk up stairs till my horse is ready?"

"No: if I dismount, I must stand at his head," said Miss von Spittergen, pointing to her horse; "I cannot trust Marcus Aurelius to any strange groom."

"Well then, you will excuse me for a moment. I am half engaged at the Court dinner; and I must scribble a line to his Excellency the Grand Marshal. You will excuse me?"

"Most assuredly! but give them directions about your horse at once."

In ten minutes time, Vivian and Miss Melinda von Spittergen had left the Hotel of the Four Nations. They cantered through the Pub-

lic Gardens, and quitted the city through a new gate, which may truly be described as commemorative of the triumph of the Reisenburg troops during the late war. This arch was commenced by Napoleon, after the arrangement of the Confederation of the Rhine. It was not finished, when the event of the battle of Leipsic virtually dissolved that body. By skilfully placing the most personal bas-reliefs in the very highest and obscurest parts of the elevation, and by adroitly converting the countenances in those already placed into the more successful heads of the Allied Sovereigns, the Triumphal Arch of the Emperor Napoleon finally commemorated his defeat; and, at this moment, it bears the dignified title of the Gate of the Allies. Through this portal, gaily cantered Miss Melinda von Spittergen and Mr. Vivian Grey.

"This road," said the lady, "leads to our house; but half an hour would carry us there, and from so short a ride you cannot expect any very great benefit; therefore we will make a round, and as there is no cross road nigh, follow me." So saying, Miss von Spittergen

cleared a hedge, with an air which, had it been witnessed by certain gentlemen whom I could mention, would have caused her immediately to be elected an honorary member of the Melton. Vivian Grey followed. Miss von Spittergen, touching Marcus Aurelius with a silver spur, dashed over a field of stubble. Max was not to be beat, even by Marcus Aurelius! and his master consequently kept by the lady's side. Another leap, and another field, and then a gate—all at a full gallop. An extensive plain succeeded, over which Miss Melinda and Vivian scudded for an hour without speaking, like Faust and Mephistophiles on the enchanted steeds. The plain is passed, and a down-hill gallop over most rugged and broken ground, proved at the same time the sure-footedness of the horses, the courage of Miss von Spittergen, and the gallantry of Vivian Grey. At the bottom of the hill, they found themselves in marsh ground, and the next turn revealed to them a river: the stream was broad and strong, and looked deep.

"Come on!" said Miss von Spittergen, turning round.

"Are we obliged to cross this river?" asked Vivian. "Is there no bridge—no ferry?"

"Bridge or ferry!" said Miss von Spittergen, laughing; "what do you want with a bridge or ferry? Follow me, if you please. We'll soon cure this 'little cold' of yours!"—So saying, Miss von Spittergen pulled up Marcus Aurelius, turned her knees over his neck, and then tucking her habit several times round them, so that no part of it hung lower than her horse's mane, she cracked her whip with great spirit, skilfully lashed the Roman emperor on the ham, and almost before Vivian had observed what she was doing, Marcus Aurelius and Miss Melinda von Spittergen were buffetting the boisterous waves. To be outdone by a woman!—impossible!—and so Vivian Grey, elevating his legs as much as he possibly could, and throwing his stirrups over his saddle, dashed into the stream. It was a tight business; and certainly, had not the summer been

extremely dry, the river would not have been fordable. As it was, after much puffing, and panting, and struggling, the lady and gentleman found themselves on the opposite bank. They had now to ascend awhile, for the stream which they had just forded watered a valley. The road being very steep, and the horses being rather pressed by their passage, Miss von Spittergen, to Vivian's great relief, did not immediately start off at ful gallop; and consequently her companion, who actually had not yet had an opportunity of conversing with her, seized the present one to compliment her on her horsemanship.

"A most delightful run!" continued Vivian: —"I trust it will not fatigue you."

"Why should it?" said Miss von Spittergen, smiling her surprise at his apprehensions. "What then!—I suppose you think, because I chance to wear a riding-habit instead of a frock-coat, that I am to sink under the effects of half an hour's canter. I know that is your regular English creed."

"No, indeed!" said Vivian—"but such exertions as clearing hedges, and fording rivers!"

"Clearing hedges! fording rivers! you have gone over nothing this morning which need have prevented you sleeping on your horse's back. I see you are not prepared for German cross roads; a little amble in the park, in the morning, and a dance with a fainting fair one for two or three hours in the evening, furnish, I suppose, your ideas of fatigue. Now if I were to pass such a day, I should die at the end of it."

"Really, you are shockingly severe;" said Vivian in a deprecating tone. "One would think that I was Emilius von Aslingen himself, by your description of my life. I had hoped that my prowess this morning would have saved me from such a reputation; but as I now learn that these feats count for nothing, I confess that I begin to tremble."

"I was not dreaming of casting the least imputation on you," rejoined Miss von Spittergen; "I was merely undeceiving you as regarded myself. If you think that any acci-

dental exhilaration of spirits has produced this exertion, and that I am consequently to be a stupid, sleepy, companion for the rest of the day, your alarm will cease, when I inform you that I have not this morning taken one fourth of my usual exercise; and that even if I were ever so tired, I should be immediately refreshed by half an hour's diving in our great bath. But if you were to tighten me up like one of your native belles, and set me gliding through a quadrille in a hot room, I should expire on the spot. Now, as you look either surprised or incredulous, remember I have proved to you that I can ride; now see that I am prepared to swim." And taking off her hat, Miss von Spittergen exhibited to her companion her close cut hair, in a state as naturally dishevelled as his own.

"Indeed your proof is unnecessary!" said Vivian; "I admire, but do not doubt. Believe me that I did not remonstrate with you from any selfish anticipation for the evening; but from an habitual apprehension for the natural fragility of the sex."

"The natural fragility of the sex!" exclaimed Miss von Spittergen, laughing. "Good heavens, Mr. Grey, what a very pretty apprehension! I have a vast mind, as a reward for your consideration, that you should listen to a lecture from my father to-night, on the natural powers of the sex. He will tell you, what I am sure is very true—that your creed is a gallant apology for idleness; and vain as that which it attempts to excuse. Depend upon it, that if woman choose to put forth her energies, she will equal you lords of the universe, much as you may think of yourselves!"

"I am the last man in the world to dispute woman's superiority on any point," rejoined Vivian, "except as to that physical power which is no proof of excellence; it being an attribute we can neither acquire nor command, and one in which even the brutes surpass us. For all those qualities of mind which distinguish——"

"Mercy! Mr. Grey," exclaimed Miss von Spittergen, "you are running headlong into metaphysics, which always distract me. I am not a metaphysician, but a naturalist; and I

argue from the experience of facts; that the natural power of woman is equal to the natural power of man, bodily and mental; and that the difference supposed to exist, does not arise from want of capability, but from want of exercise—just as we ridiculously imagine that the right hand is stronger and more useful than the left, and that the feet are given to us only to walk with. I can fire a musket, and hit my mark as surely with the one hand as with the other; and I know a man who writes beautifully, and can adjust the nicest piece of mechanism with his feet, because, being born without arms, he has used the substitute which Nature has given him. But our argument and our ride must now end together; for see! we are at home, and my father is just arriving before us."

Miss von Spittergen pointed through a rising plantation to an old-fashioned house, many rooms in which would have been consigned to utter obscurity, had it not been for the light which streamed through a small heart cut in the upper part of their heavy oak window-shutters. The house stood on a green, which

was surrounded by a wall not more than two feet high; and to the left, barns, stables, stacks, and piles of wood, presented the appearance of a well-ordered farm. Miss von Spittergen and Vivian crossed a dyke from the plantation, and immediately passing through a large white wooden gate, with two hideous griffins grinning on the top of it, Marcus Aurelius dashed up to the stable door, followed by Max. They were instantly saluted by an immense Newfoundland, whose joyous bark was answered by a responsive neigh from his companion of the stable; and in an instant, Triton was scrambling up Marcus Aurelius, for the pleasure of biting Miss von Spittergen's silver buttons, and licking her face with his great red tongue.

"Down—down, Triton!"

Triton obeyed very unwillingly, but turning round, felt himself greatly consoled for his rebuff, by seeing that he had to welcome a visitor. He flew up at Max's neck. The princely pet, unused to such rude embraces, showed certain signs of exclusiveness, which made Vivian exercise his whip across master

Triton's back; who, in his turn, was equally irate at this unusual and ungrateful reception of his caresses. The dog slunk from under Vivian's lash, and springing up behind Max, made him give a sudden and violent kick, which sent Vivian, unprepared as he was, head foremost into some low, thick bushes of box, which had been planted to screen a pig-sty. It was fortunate for him that he did not make an unexpected appearance in the abode of Miss von Spittergen's favourite Columbine—a Chinese lady-pig, with a young family of delicate daughters, all so exquisitely high-bred, that they were almost without heads, bones, or feet. Columbina's maternal fears might have inflicted on Vivian some wounds, which he escaped receiving in the yielding box—from which, indeed, he most quickly extricated himself—animated in his rapid exertions to regain the dignified perpendicular by the loud and unrestrained laughter of Miss von Spittergen, who saw that he had not received the slightest injury, and was therefore most unmercifully mirthful.

"Well, Mr. Grey! my father need not have been afraid of your inertness. I never met with a finer instance of agility. It is fortunate that I did not take Triton out with me, according to my usual custom, if this be a specimen of the result of your companionship. How came you to jump off your horse in such a hurry? You should have given Max a lesson, instead of leaving him to caper about by himself."

"How came I to jump off!" said Vivian; "in truth, Max was not courteous enough to offer me an alternative; but we must remember that he is not yet used to your treatment, and excuse a little ill humour."

A Vis-à-vis drove up to the door, just as Miss von Spittergen and Vivian were about to enter. They were met on the broad flight of steps by a very old white-headed domestic, who bowed low as he passed them, to open the carriage door for his master. The door was opened, but no Dr. von Spittergen alighted. The old valet gently closed it again, but remained standing by the side of the vehicle.

"Well, Francis," said Miss von Spittergen; "why have you shut the door?"

"Please you, my young lady," said the venerable attendant; "my master is dozing: is it your pleasure that I should try to wake him?"

"Asleep, is he? oh! I'll wake him myself—Sir! here is Mr. Grey, our visitor; will not you come into the house?"

"Ah! ah! true! which is he? how much does he weigh? more than me?" asked the good doctor waking, his morning doze having presented to him an image, of which he was always either thinking or dreaming—a man larger than himself. This character, Dr. von Spittergen had not yet been so fortunate as to meet; though his first inquiry, on the mention of any stranger's name, invariably was, "how much does he weigh?"

Miss von Spittergen, perfectly aware that her father was not yet quite awake, only laughed at his question, and instead of replying to it, asked another.

"Whom have you seen to-day, Sir—and what news have you brought us?"

"News! why I have been in a confounded passion; perhaps that is no news."

"What is all this about, Sir? who has been disobeying orders?"

"If you ask twenty questions at the same time, I should like to know how I am to answer them; let me out!"

The doctor descended, and leaning on the arm of his daughter, and followed by Vivian, he entered the house; muttering the whole way without ceasing, much after the following fashion.

"My mind's made up. I have said it before—most people make a great talk, and it ends in nothing—that's not my way—when I say a thing, I do it. Melinda! why haven't you gathered the seed of that geranium? it won't be worth a kreüzer. How do you feel after your ride, Mr. Grey? Don't both speak at the same time—I can't bear such a Babel in my ears—not that I believe there ever was

such a thing! Well, Sir! you haven't told me how you are, though—glad to go to your room, I suppose? But, I say, Melinda—in spite of all I have said to the Grand Duke, here 's Madame Carolina ill again—that is, I don't think there 's any thing the matter with her—some whim-wham! though if she were to die, I shouldn't much wonder, breathing the same air over and over again every night, smothered up in that state-bed. I told the Grand Duke this morning, for the hundredth time, that bed-curtains were the origin of every disease, and that if he doesn't order away those heavy hangings, he may find a Court physician where he can. Where 's Theresa, that she doesn't come to show Mr. Grey his room? He 's tired to death I dare say; just as I said—nothing of him! no stamina! Pray Sir, what sort of man was your father? how much did he weigh?"

"This way, Sir, if you please," said a little thin old woman, in a starched ruff and cap; as she led Vivian down a long passage. "Mind the step, Sir, if you please; these old houses are full of them; master often talks of levelling

them, but it's all talk with him, Sir.—I have lived in this house fifty years without seeing any alteration. This is your room, Sir; you will remember it by the great beau-pot, which I have put beside your toilet table. I don't know whether you'll find the bed too high at the head, Sir; we have no curtains, and master does not allow any of us to sleep under eider-down. He has his particularities, and there's no getting him out of an old way. This bottle is rose-water, Sir, for your face; and this is eau de Cologne of my own making. There is a bell, Sir.—I wish you good day!"

Although Vivian's toilet was far from being a complicated one, a considerable time elapsed before it was completed. Indeed he found some difficulty, even in taking off his coat; for every exertion of his arms set him sliding a yard or two on the highly polished floor, and in five minutes, he had unwittingly described all the complicated figures of a first rate skaiter. He first flew up against a large embroidered fire-screen, which the delicate fingers of some female von Spittergen had, ages ago, covered with

carnations and ranunculuses; and then whirling through the mazes of a figure of eight, he nearly drove his elbow through a small pane of the heavy-framed window. A semicircle brought him in contact with the foot of his low bed, from which he bounded off at a right angle, and found himself seated in a high-backed, carved oaken chair. Here, while he sat forming plans for reaching the so-often missed toilet-table, the sound of the dinner-bell made him desperate; and thinking that he could best secure his steps by walking fearlessly over the floor, he made a courageous advance, which ended in upsetting Mistress Theresa's beau-pot. Scarcely flattering himself that the good lady would suspect a favourite cat of the injury done to her toilet garniture, Vivian, in a precipitate retreat forgot the fatal step, of which he had been previously warned, and measured his length in the corridor.

CHAPTER VI.

"WELL, Mr. Grey!" said the Doctor, as Vivian entered the dining-room, "have you been asleep after your ride, or has Mistress Theresa, according to her usual custom, been showing you the family curiosities?"

"Neither the one nor the other, Doctor; but I was delayed in my room."

"Ah! I don't want any explanation. I hate explanations. What sort of an appetite have you got?"

"Oh! a very good one; and I have no doubt that I shall do full justice to—"

"Ah! you need not tell me what you are going to do. Come, sit down to the table. Melinda, give me some soup—and Mr. Grey, I'll thank you for an outside slice of that beef

in it—and Francis, bring me some sour kraut, and those stewed apricots from the side table."

While Miss von Spittergen was helping Vivian, the Doctor proceeded to chop and mash up all these contrasting viands in his large soup plate. Four spoonfuls emptied it, before his guest had tasted a mouthful; for, though in violation of all etiquette, Vivian could not take his eyes off the owner of the appetite. His astonishment did not escape notice.

"What are you looking at?" asked the Doctor, gruffly. "You had better eat your own dinner than stare at me."

"I beg pardon, but——"

"Ah! don't beg pardon. I hate apologies."

Vivian, much confused, turned round to his fairer neighbour; and, to his horror, found that she was consuming her dinner after the same fashion, though it must be confessed not with equal rapidity of execution.

"You see your dinner, Mr. Grey," said Miss von Spittergen. "We never consider any one a stranger. Shall I give you some more soup?"

"More soup! what is he going to dine off soup? Why don't you give him some beef, and cream, and kid, and custard? He must eat."

"Yes, Doctor, I thank you; I will taste your good dishes—but not all at once."

"Pish! what should you know about it! You eat your dinner on a wrong principle, or rather on no principle at all. Take all that you want on your plate at once. I suppose, if you were set down to a venison pasty, you would eat the flour and water, and butter and balls, and eggs and truffles, and wine and spices, and fat and flesh, all separately! that's your notion of feeding, is it? What are you laughing at?"

"Do you, then, recommend Doctor—"

"Recommend! I recommend nothing! what's the use of recommending? people never attend."

"But I will attend, Doctor," said Vivian. "Remember, I am already an obedient patient; therefore, I believe I shall trouble you, Miss von Spittergen, in the first place, for a small slice of that kid—"

"Couldn't take any thing worse! no nourishment in it! How comes it here, Melinda?"

"Well then, Doctor, I'll follow your example, and take some of the beef."

"Ah! you should have begun with it at once: better late than never though. You have been badly managed, I see that! Stay with us a month; we'll soon get you round. Now, you must have some of your physic! Francis, give Mr. Grey the wine."

"Perhaps I may have the honour of taking a glass with you, Miss von Spittergen?" asked Vivian.

"Taking a glass with her! what's the matter with her, that she is to take wine?"

"Possibly you are not aware, Mr. Grey," said Miss von Spittergen, "that in this house we never take wine, except as a medicine: let me join you in my usual beverage."

"A glass of filtered water!" growled the Doctor; "if you are a wise man, you'll make that your drink; that is, as soon as we have made something of you."

"Filtered water!" exclaimed Vivian, with surprise.

"Yes, filtered water! who the deuce drinks water without filtering it? I suppose you are fond of fattening yourself with the scum of eels, vipers, lizards, newts, tadpoles, frogs, rats, and all other filth, animal and vegetable."

"If water contain all these monsters and horrors," said Vivian laughing, "I should have thought that it would have been the favourite beverage of your system, Doctor. Is it not correct, then, to drink all things at once, as well as eat them? But surely," continued Vivian, "a glass of spring water must be free from all these disgusting appurtenances."

"Pish! it shows how much you know about the matter. Did you ever see a drop of water through a microscope?—You havn't, eh?—I thought not. Melinda, after dinner show him the microscope. We 'll amuse you as well as we can."

Dinner being over, the Doctor retired to his study, and Miss von Spittergen and Vivian agreed to take a stroll.

"Now, Mr. Grey," said the lady, "you must know that I am a great walker. Some dislike moving after dinner; but if that be not your case, I propose taking you my usual round: and first of all, as I see Peter coming out of the stable, I wish to say a word to him about Marcus Aurelius." Miss von Spittergen proceeded to give directions for all her horse's shoes to be taken off overnight, and his frogs looked to in the morning. "Now," continued she, "I must see how they go on with their wood-stacking. We have lately had a fall of beech-wood; and although all of us have been busily picking and splitting for the last week, we have not yet finished. It is very important that the stacks should be well piled. Last year, when I was absent, and trusted the business to our neighbour's steward, we had more than half our stock spoiled by the rains, and a great quantity besides fell over. I admire nothing more than a well-stacked pile of wood. It is always a sign of good management."

"I am ashamed to own," said Vivian, "how ignorant I am upon all these points; though

I assure you I do not the less admire your perfect acquaintance with the subject. To me, it is equally new and delightful to see a lady so completely interesting herself in her domestic economy."

"There is little merit in my exertions;" said Miss von Spittergen. "Although I am, at the present moment, extremely fond of the life I lead, necessity, not choice, first made me mistress of these details. Their acquisition is, at least, a proof of the truth of my observations of this morning; though, I suppose, according to your theory," continued Miss von Spittergen, smiling; "to direct a fall of wood or the thatching of a granary, which I must superintend to-morrow morning, are not very meritorious actions; I being, in a great measure, enabled to interfere in such affairs, from the possession of that unfortunate physical strength, which, if you remember, Mr. Grey, is no proof of excellence."

The walk lasted some hours; there was much done—much said. The fields, the meadows, the orchards, the woods, all demanded

some care, and received some superintendance. Many men were to be instructed, and ordered, and directed. One field was to lie fallow, another to be sown with different seed. The cattle were to change their meadows. Some woods were to be counted, some hills to be planted. On all these affairs, and on all these subjects, Miss von Spittergen was the directing head. No one applied to her, and returned unsatisfied: every one received a ready answer. Yet with all these calls upon her attention and her judgment, she did not fail to prove a most interesting companion. Her general conversation showed that her mind was highly cultivated and accomplished. She also detailed to Vivian, as passing objects gave rise to the subject, the various plans of her father and herself, for the amelioration of the condition of their tenants, which they wished principally to bring about by extricating them from the harassing restraints of the old feudal system, injurious alike to the landlord and the tenant. Her admiration of Nature also was sincere, and her taste refined. As they

walked along, she called her companion's attention to any striking combination and effect—a peep at the distant country, through an opening in a deep wood—the light of the declining sun, seen through the trunks of a grove of beeches—a waterfall caused by a strong brook dashing over some sand rocks, and cooling the boughs of the white-rind willows. Although Vivian, the latter years of his life, had actually lived in a forest, it seemed that he had gained more information on his much-loved trees in a few hours' walk with Miss von Spittergen, than he had during the whole time that he was roaming about Heidelburgh. He was now strongly reminded of the great difference between reverie, and observation. He remembered sitting for hours with his eyes fixed upon a tree, of whose nature he now found himself utterly ignorant; for Miss von Spittergen spoke of the physiology of trees; and Vivian was ashamed when he confessed his want of knowledge. While he expressed his wonder and admiration of much that she said, she promised that in the evening, the microscope should elucidate and reveal more.

The air was mild and sweet—the exercise exhilarating—conversation never flagged. Without annoying such a woman with unmeaning compliments, Vivian properly evinced his admiration of Miss von Spittergen's accomplishments; and delicately conveyed to her his sincere declarations that, for a long time, he had not passed a day so agreeably, and with such satisfaction.

"I told you," continued Miss von Spittergen, "that necessity, not choice, first induced me to adopt a mode of life, which now has for me the greatest charms. I passed my earliest years with an uncle, an old baron, in a Gothic castle. A library full of romances soon convinced me that I was born to be a heroine, and that unless I were a heroine, life had no delight. For the common-place realities of life, I entertained a thorough disgust; I rode all day through my uncle's park and forests in quest of a hero for the romance which I formed in my nightly reveries. I lived in a world of my own creation; I conversed with no one. My mind was constantly occupied with an im-

possible idea. Passing my time thus, I formed no conception of the existence of duties. My fellow creatures, if I thought of them at all, were merely the instruments by whose agency I was to pass my life in a constant state of excitement. Very short time elapsed, before I was convinced that I was a peculiar being, and was ordained to occasion some singular revolution. I expected, every day, the crisis of my fate. About this time my dear and only brother died in battle; and my mother, overcome by the loss, followed him in a few weeks, to the grave. My desolate parent now demanded from my uncle, his only remaining child. I left the castle with no reluctance, for I was firmly convinced that my career was now to begin. The appearance of my father, whom I had seen regularly every year, was the first shock to my romance. He was so overwhelmed by his misery, that his terrible grief called forth in me those natural sensations, of the existence of which I was ignorant. You must know, Mr. Grey," continued Miss von Spittergen, with a smile; "that I am the most decided

enemy of long stories, and therefore I shall cut my own very short. The result of my return to my home is evident to you. To be the consoler, and then the confidant, and then the assistant of my father, were quick decrees of my destiny. A mind naturally ardent and enthusiastic, was now, I am sure, well directed; and has been, I trust, well employed. To my beloved and highly gifted parent, I have endeavoured to be both wife, and son, and daughter. By my exertions, the loss of his dear connexions has not disarranged the accustomed tenour of his life; nor has his mind been troubled by duties, for which his temper and education have completely unfitted him. Under a rough exterior, he conceals the most generous and beneficent of dispositions; and in spite of his quaint humour, you cannot live many days with him without discovering the cultivation of his intellect. I need not add that my romance was quickly dissipated, and my father has become to me the hero of my reality."

Miss von Spittergen entered the house, to arrange her dress for the evening. Vivian

remained on the terrace. The red autumnal sun had just sunk over an immense extent of champaign country. The evening mists from the ruddy river were already ascending, and the towers and steeples of a neighbouring city rose black against the shining sky. Sunset is the time when memory is most keen; and as Vivian Grey sat on the marble wall, gazing on the wide landscape, his sorrowing mind was not inactive. Never, until this moment, had he felt how precious, how invaluable, were the possession and the performance of a duty! The simple tale of his late companion had roused a thousand thoughts. His early, his insane career, flitted across his mind. He would have stifled the remembrance with a sigh; but man is the slave of Memory. He, too, had thought himself a peculiar creature: he, too, had lived in a world of his own creation: he, too, had sacrificed himself to an idea: he, too, had looked upon his fellow-creatures as the puppets of his will. Would that his reveries had been as harmless as this maiden's! Would that he could compensate

for his errors, and forget his follies in a life of activity, of usefulness, of beneficence! To the calm satisfaction and equal tenor of such a life, why had he madly preferred the wearing anxiety, the consuming care, the eternal vigilance, the constant contrivance, the agonizing suspense, the distracting vicissitudes of his own career? Alas! it is our nature to sicken, from our birth, after some object of unattainable felicity—to struggle through the freshest years of our life in an insane pursuit after some indefinite good, which does not even exist! But sure, and quick, is the dark hour which cools our doting frenzy in the frigid waves of the ocean of Oblivion! We dream of immortality until we die. Ambition! at thy proud and fatal altar, we whisper the secrets of our mighty thoughts, and breathe the aspirations of our inexpressible desires. A clouded flame licks up the offering of our ruined souls, and the sacrifice vanishes in the sable smoke of Death.

But where are his thoughts wandering? Had he forgot that day of darkest despair? There had that happened to him, which had happened

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to no other man. In the conflict of his emotions he ceased to reason. This moment he believed himself the slave of Destiny, and the next, the sport of Chance. Sad, and serious, and wavering, Vivian entered the house, uncertain of every thing except his misery.

He found Dr. von Spittergen and his agreeable daughter at the tea-table.

"Well, Mr. Grey," said the Doctor, "which do you prefer? the *Ficki-tsiaa*, or the *Ben-tsiaa*?"

"Really, Sir, I am almost afraid to avow, that I am perfectly ignorant of what you are talking about."

"Perfectly ignorant of what I am talking about! Why, Melinda, here is Mr. Grey drinking tea every day of his life, and does not know the proper name of it, even when he hears it mentioned; and he belongs to a tea-drinking nation too!"

"Why, my good Sir, I know the difference between black, and green tea."

"How do you know that there is a difference? Linnæus says there is: Thunberg says

there is not. If you can decide, pray instruct us."

"I believe," said Vivian, "there is no nation which drinks more tea, and knows less of its nature and culture, than the English. We are always satisfied to take what is given us for black or green."

"You are not so easy to be dealt with about wine though," said the Doctor, laughing: "merely to be aware of the difference between red and white wine is, I imagine, information not sufficiently definite to tempt an Englishman to taste it; and why should you be less particular about tea? of which you receive in your country eight or nine different kinds. I suppose you are so indifferent about it, because you drink it twice a-day, and wine only once! Ho! ho—o—o—o!" This was the learned doctor's laugh: something like the hoot of a facetious owl.

"Well, my dear father," said Miss von Spittergen, "the best way to teach Mr. Grey the difference will be, to give him a basin of your curious *Ficki-tsiaa.*"

"Yes: and while you make it, I'll tell him what it means.—As society is divided into three classes," continued the Doctor, "so are there three different gatherings of tea, suited to the quality of each. I suppose you know that tea is the leaf of a shrub? The first gathering commences in the beginning of March, when the leaves are small and tender, not more than four days' growth. This kind you are going to drink—the *Ficki-tsiaa*, or imperial, kept for the Court and people of quality. This was given to me by a young Prince of Orange, who sickened at our Court. No wonder! He thought I had saved his life; I only sent him home. The second gathering takes place in the beginning of April. The leaves are then pretty well grown. This they call *Too-tsiaa:* this infusion is good enough for the middling classes. And in June, all the leaves which have not been stripped off for their betters, get tough and pungent, and are left for the mob, and this they call *Ben-tsiaa;* and I think it is the best of all. We always drink it; don't we, Melinda?"

Vivian, though very much amused by the Doctor's lecture, could not help watching his fair daughter, whose novel method of infusing this very rare beverage not a little surprised him. Miss von Spittergen first filled a cup with boiling water, and then threw into it a teaspoonful of powder, which she took out of a small porcelain vase. She stirred the powder in the water till the liquid began to foam, and then she offered the cup to Vivian.

"Drink it off!" said the Doctor; "and let us hear how you like *Ficki-tsiaa.*"

"But are not all these particles to settle first?" asked Vivian, who was rather fearful of the boiling draught.

"I suppose," said the Doctor, "you let all your vegetables settle in your soup, before your delicacy can venture to sip it. Drink it off, man! Perhaps you think it is like that confounded stuff made in England, called bohea, which deposits in every cup a mash of sloe-leaves!"

The Doctor drank plentifully of his favourite *Ben-tsiaa*, and praised the shrub in proportion

to his enjoyment. He compared it with wine, on which latter beverage he wreaked his spleen without mercy, enumerating all the evils which the immoderate use of fermented liquors produces; while tea, on the contrary, he declared would contribute more to the sobriety of a nation, than the severest laws, the most eloquent sermons, or the best moral treatises. It was a perfect antidote to intemperance. The man who relishes tea, seldom wants wine.

Vivian reminded Miss von Spittergen of her promise about the microscope and the trees; and in a few minutes they were busily examining a cutting of ash. She first pointed out to him the bark, and described its uses; and then explained the sap-vessels, the lymph-ducts, the great and lesser air-vessels, the pith, and the true wood. She also pointed out the annual rings which mark the age of the tree, and showed likewise a dissected leaf, exhibiting the nerves branching out into innumerable small threads; and explained to him how the pores in the leaf served both for perspiration and absorption. Vivian was quite surprised to dis-

cover the proximity in the economy of vegetable and animal life. It appeared to him, that, with the exception of sensibility and motion, one system was nearly as complete as the other. Nor, while he found himself acquiring so much new information, could he help mournfully feeling, how very different an acquaintance with the World is, to a knowledge of Nature.

CHAPTER VII.

The acquaintance between Master Rodolph and Essper George had been renewed with as much cordiality as that between their respective masters. When one man is wealthy, and another agreeable, intimacy soon ensues. The Wit is delighted with the good dishes of the man of wealth, and the man of wealth with the good sayings of the Wit. Such friendships, in general, are as lasting, as they are quickly cemented. They are formed on equal terms. Each party has some failing to be excused, as each has some good quality to recommend him. While the pun of the Wit is bartered for the pasty of his host, he can endure the casual arrogance of the master of the feast,

provided he may occasionally indulge in a little malice of his own.

A place was never wanting for Essper George at the table of the former Steward of the Prince of Little Lilliput; or, as he was now styled, the Intendant of his Excellency the Grand Marshal; and as the worthy Master Rodolph pressed with vehemence his pursy sides, from a well-founded apprehension that his frequently-excited laughter might disturb the organization of his stupendous system, he felt that the good stories of Essper George amply repaid him for his often-exercised hospitality. But it was not merely his laughter-loving humour that occasioned Essper's company to be acceptable to his friend the Intendant. Easily as Master Rodolph was tickled by a jest, and remarkable as was his quickness in detecting the point of a very evident joke, the facetious qualities of Essper George were not the only causes which gained our hero's valet a welcome reception at all times in the Steward's hall. Cæsar loved to be surrounded by *sleek* men; the Intendant of the Grand Marshal by *short* ones. Five feet

five inches, exactly Master Rodolph's own height, was, according to the worthy Steward's theory of the beautiful, a perfect altitude. Nevertheless, a stature somewhat beneath this model ever found favour in his sight. In short, a tall man was Master Rodolph's aversion; and it was the study of his life, that his friends and boon companions should be shorter than himself. For many years his intimate friend was the late Princess of Little Lilliput's dwarf. When their mistress died, Master Rodolph's friend, either through grief for her loss, or from water in his head, it was never decided which, 'set also his foot within grim Charon's boat.' Master Rodolph was in despair. There was not a full grown individual at Turriparva under six feet two; and even the young Prince Maximilian, although still much beneath the due limit, grew so apace, that, as all were perpetually observing, there was a very fair chance of his rivalling in height old Ernestus von Little Lilliput himself—the founder of the family—whose armour, still rusting in the Giant's Hall, proved that the stature of the great figures themselves was not ideal.

The hospitable Prince himself could not therefore welcome the presence of his preserver in his own castle with greater joy, than did Master Rodolph the presence of that preserver's valet. Essper George, he immediately determined, was a good three inches shorter than himself:—eternal friendship was the instant consequence. At first Essper, who of course could not be intuitively aware of the foible of Master Rodolph, seized every opportunity of maintaining and proving, that the good Steward was much the shortest of the two; and as the knave could stand and walk on his toes the whole day, with the greatest facility, and without the least chance of detection, he found little difficulty, the first day, in making his kind host extremely miserable. But four-and-twenty hours could not elapse without Essper discovering that, which was as constantly the subject of Master Rodolph's thought and conversation, as the hitherto unseen, and unmet, and unheard of 'stouter man,' was of the dreams and researches of Dr. von Spittergen. Consequently, on the second day of his visit at Turriparva, Mr.

Essper George sunk down to his natural height; confessed, and continually dwelt on the superiority of Master Rodolph; and was daily rewarded for the shortness of his stature, and the candour of his disposition, by the best wines and choicest dishes that Turriparva could afford.

On the day that his master dined with Dr. von Spittergen, Essper George had made a particular engagement with Mr. Intendant, to drink the health of the new Grand Marshal, over a bottle of the very Burgundy, by the influence of which they had, a few weeks before, discovered his treason. Accordingly, about four hours after noon, Essper found himself in Master Rodolph's private room. He was introduced to two strangers—the first, Mr. Speigelburg, was about five feet four inches and a half high. He was a decayed gentleman-usher, who had retired on a pension of eighty dollars per annum. Although this stipend may be considered a very scanty one, by some who incumber the civil list of this country, nevertheless Mr. Speigelburg contrived, not only to exist without incurring debts to his

tradesmen or his friends, but even to procure the reputation of being a man who lived within his income; and this, too, without the suspicion of being a niggard. The full Court-suit in which he now bowed to Essper George, although the very one in which he had assisted at the entrance of the Emperor Napoleon into Reisenburg, was still not unworthy of a Royal drawing-room. His shoes were the most highly polished in the city, his buckles the brightest, his linen the most pure. If the expenses of his wardrobe did not materially reduce his hard-earned pension of eighty crowns, assuredly the cost of living, naturally fond as Mr. Speigelburg was of good cheer, was likewise no great obstacle to his saving passion. A prudently-cherished friendship, of old standing, with the Court-cook, insured the arrival of a welcome hamper more than once during the week, at his neat lodging; and besides this, Mr. Speigelburg was as systematic and as schooled a diner-out, as if he had been born and bred in Brook Street. His former connexion, and present acquaintance with the

Court, allowed him to garnish his conversation with many details interesting to the females of the humbler bourgeoisie. With them, indeed, from his various little accomplishments, Mr. Speigelburg was an especial favourite; and a Sunday party to the Royal Retreat, or the Royal Farm, or a Sunday promenade on the Ramparts, or in the Public Gardens, was never thought complete without his presence. His highly-polished and obliging manners, his facetious humour, his good stories, on which he very much prided himself, and in which frequent repetition had rendered him very perfect, and above all the dignified and rather consequential bearing which he knew well when to assume, made him as popular and considered a personage with the men, as with their wives. But the brightest moment in Mr. Speigelburg's existence, was the apostacy of the Prince of Little Lilliput. In due time he had been introduced by the Intendant of his Excellency the Grand Chamberlain, to the Intendant of his Excellency the Grand Marshal; and Master Rodolph no sooner set his eyes

upon him, than he internally vowed that Mr. Speigelburg should dine at the Prince's expense as long as his master continued a great Officer of state, and he that master's Intendant. Such was one of the guests invited to meet our friend Essper George. The other was a still more singular looking personage.

When Essper was introduced to Mr. Lintz, a considerable time elapsed before he perceived a figure, which he considered to be a child, bowing to him without ceasing, in the corner of the room. Had Essper George been a longer resident in Reisenberg, an introduction to Mr. Lintz would have been unnecessary. Indeed, that gentleman had already called upon Vivian, though hitherto, unfortunately, without succeeding in seeing him. Mr., or to use a title by which he was better known, Little Lintz, was one of those artists whose fame is indissolubly bound up with that of their native city; and who seem to value no reputation which is not liberally shared with the place of their residence. The pencil of Mr. Lintz immortalised the public buildings of Reisenburg, and the

public buildings of Reisenburg supported their artist. 'The Grand Square, the Royal Palace, the Public Gardens, and the Grand Hotel of the Four Nations'—these were the constant, the only subjects of Mr. Lintz's pencil. Few were the families in the city whose rooms, or whose collections, were not adorned or enriched with these accurate representations. Few were the travellers who sojourned at the Hotel, who were allowed to quit its hospitable roof unaccompanied by a set of Mr. Lintz's drawings. The discreet discrimination of the artist in the selection of his subjects, of course made the landlord of the Four Nations his sworn friend and warmest patron. On quitting the house, it was as regular an affair to encourage the Arts, as to fee the waiters. With this powerful patronage, Little Lintz of course flourished. Day after day passed over, only to multiply his already innumerable and favourite four views. Doubtless Little Lintz could have given a most faithful representation of every brick of the Great Square of Reisenburg with his eyes shut. In spite of his good fortune, and unlike most

artists, Little Lintz was an extremely modest and moral personage. Not being much above four feet and a half high, Master Rodolph had, of course, immediately sunned him with the rays of his warmest patronage. Orders were showered down, and invitations sent in, with profusion and rapidity. Every member of the Grand Marshal's household was obliged, as a personal favour to the Intendant, to take a set of the four views. Every room in the Grand Marshal's house was graced by their eternal presence; and as for the artist himself, free warren of cellar and larder was immediately granted him.

Perhaps a merrier party never met together than these four little men. Mr. Speigelburg, who was well primed for the occasion, let off a good story before the first bottle was finished. The salute was immediately returned by Essper George. Master Rodolph presented the most ludicrous instance of ungoverned mirth; and laying down his knife and fork, vowed that they were "in truth a pair of most comical knaves." Little Lintz said nothing, but he sat

biting his lips, lest laughter should destroy his miniature lungs; his diminutive hands and eyes, ever and anon raised up in admiration of the wit of his companions, and his heels resting on the bar of his chair. No one, at first, was more surprised and less pleased with Essper George's humour, than Mr. Speigelburg himself. A rival Wit is the most bitterly detested of mortals; and the little old courtier, alarmed at the rapidity and point of Essper's narratives and repartees, began to think that the poacher on his manor might prove almost too strong for the game laws; and so Mr. Speigelburg drew up in his seat, and grew dull and dignified. But a very short time elapsed ere Mr. Speigelburg discovered that Essper George was neither envious of his reputation, nor emulous of rivaling it; and that his jokes and jollity were occasioned rather by the o'erflowings of a merry spirit, than by any dark design to supersede him in the favour of their host. No one laughed at Mr. Speigelburg's stories with more thorough enthusiasm—no one detected the point of Mr. Speigelburg's jests with more flattering

celerity, than the man whom he had at first mistaken for an odious and a dangerous rival. Mr. Speigelburg's present satisfaction was in proportion to his previous discontent, and he and Essper were soon on the most intimate terms.

The Burgundy in due time produced every regular effect, and the little men made noise enough for as many Brobdignags. First they talked very loud, then they sang very loud; then they talked all together very loud, then they sang all together very loud. Such are four of the five gradations of Burgundian inebriety! Burgundy!—but we have had invocations enough; it is a wine of which we know nothing in England. No man should presume to give an opinion upon Burgundy, who has not got tipsy at Dijon. In the course of half a dozen hours, one of the party experienced some inconvenient symptoms of an approach to the fifth and final gradation. Master Rodolph began to get very drowsy; the fat Chambertin was doing its duty. In order to rouse himself from his stupor, the Intendant proposed that they

should amuse themselves with a little Zwicken; but as this game was no favourite with Mr. Speigelburg, the party finally resolved to sit down to Whist.

The table was cleared, and Essper was Rodolph's partner. The Intendant managed to play through the game very well, and to Mr. Speigelberg's mortification, won it. He would probably have been equally successful in the rubber, had he remained awake; but invincible sleep at last crept over Master Rodolph's yielding senses, and although he had two by honours in his own hand, he snored. Oh, Burgundy! but I forgot—I will go on with my story.

No sooner had the nasal sound of Master Rodolph caught the ever-ready ear of Essper George, than that wicked knave quickly pressed his finger to his mouth, and winking to Mr. Speigelburg and little Lintz, immediately obtained silence,—a silence which was not disturbed by the soundless whisper in which Essper spoke to both his companions. What he was detailing or suggesting, time will reveal; his violent gesticulation, animated action, and

the arch and mischievous expression of his countenance, promised much. Apparently the other guests readily acceded to his proposition, and Essper George accordingly extinguished the two candles. As there was no fire, and the shutters were closed, the room was now in perfect darkness.

"Play!" shouted Essper George in a loud voice, and he dashed his fist upon the table.

"Play!" halloed Mr. Speigelburg.

"Play!" even screamed little Lintz.

"What, what, what's the matter?" mumbled Master Rodolph, rubbing his eyes and fumbling for his cards.

"Play!" again shouted Essper George.

"Play!" again halloed Mr. Speigelburg.

"Play!" again screamed Little Lintz.

"Play!" said Master Rodolph, who was now pretty well awake. Play!—play what?"

"Why, a diamond if you have got one," said Essper George. "Can't you see? Are you blind? Hasn't Mr. Speigelburg led a diamond?"

"A diamond!" said Master Rodolph.

"Yes, a diamond to be sure; why what's the

matter with you? I thought you played the last trick very queerly."

"I can't see," said Master Rodolph, in a very doleful voice.

"Come come!" said Essper; "let us have no joking. It is much too important a point in the game to warrant a jest. Play a diamond if you have one, and if not, trump!"

"You have no right to tell your partner to trump," said Mr. Speigelburg, with mock indignation; for he had entered into the conspiracy with readiness, as he now saw a chance, by its concoction, of saving himself from losing the rubber.

"He has a right to tell his partner any thing," said Master Rodolph, equally indignant at this interference; "But I tell you I can't see."

"Can't see!" said Essper George; "what do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say," said Master Rodolph, somewhat testy. "I can't see; I am not joking the least. I can't see a single pip of a single card. Have I been asleep?"

"Asleep!" said Essper George, in a tone of extreme surprise. "It 's an odd thing for a man to be asleep, and play every card as regularly as you have done, and as well too. I never remember you playing so well as you have done to-night;—that finesse with the spade last trick, was quite admirable. Had you only played half as well, the night you and I sat against Long Halbert and Sax the pikeman, the night, you remember, in the yellow room at Turriparva, I should not have lost a silver dollar. But what has having been asleep to do with it?" continued Essper. "Had you slept for a century, your eyes are open wide enough now. Why you stare like a pig four and twenty hours before salting. Speigelburg, did you ever see a man stare so in all your life? Little Lintz, did you?"

"Never!" said Speigelburg with enthusiasm; the rubber was now certainly saved.

"Never!" screamed Little Lintz.

"I have been asleep," said Master Rodolph, in a very loud, and rather angry voice; "I have been asleep—I am asleep—you are all

asleep—we are all talking in our sleep—a'n't we?"

"Talking in our sleep!" said Essper George, affecting to be stifled with laughter; "well! this is what I call carrying a joke rather too far. Come, Master Rodolph, play like a man."

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Speigelburg; "play, play."

"Yes, yes!" said Little Lintz; "play, play."

"How can I play?" said Master Rodolph, his anger now turning into alarm.

"Why with your hands to be sure!" said Essper George.

"Good Master Rodolph," said Mr. Speigelburg, in rather a grave tone, as if he were slightly offended; "be kind enough to remember that cards were your own proposition. I have no wish to continue playing if it be disagreeable to you; nor have I any objection, if it be your pleasure, although I have a very good hand, to throw up my cards altogether. What say you, Mr. Lintz?"

"No objection at all," said the little man; biting his lips in the dark with renewed vigour.

"Thank you, Mr. Speigelburg," said Essper George; "but I, and my partner, have a great objection to your throwing up your cards. If you are satisfied with your hand, so much the better: I am satisfied with mine. I am sure, however, your partner cannot be with his; for I see nothing but twos and threes in it. Now, do me the favour, Mr. Lintz, to hold your cards nearer to you. There is nothing I detest so much as seeing my adversary's hand. I say this, I assure you, not out of any affected admiration of fair play; but the truth is, it really puzzles me. I derive no benefit from this improper knowledge. Now, do hold your cards up: you really are a most careless player. Nearer, nearer, nearer still!"

These matter-of-fact observations and requests of Essper George, effectually settled Master Rodolph's brain; never very acute, and now muddled with wine.

"Do you mean to say," asked he, in a most tremulous and quavering voice, "Do you mean to say that you are all seeing at this very moment?"

"To be sure!" was the universal shout.

"Every one of us!" continued Essper; "why, what maggot have you got into your brain! I actually begin to believe that you are not joking after all. Cannot you really see? and yet you stare so! did you ever see a man stare so, Mr. Speigleburg? and now that I look again the colour of your eyes is changed!"

"Is it, indeed?" asked Master Rodolph, with gasping breath.

"Oh! decidedly; but let us be quite sure. Little Lintz, put that candle nearer to Master Rodolph. Now I can see well; the light just falls on the pupil. Your eyes, Sir, are changing as fast as the skin of a chameleon; you know they are green: your eyes, if you remember, are green, Master Rodolph."

"Yes, yes!" agreed the Intendant, almost unable to articulate.

"They *were* green, rather," continued Essper George; "and now they are crimson; and now they are a whitish brown; and now they are as black as a first day's mourning!"

"Alack — and alack-a-day! it has come

at last," exclaimed Master Rodolph in a voice of great terror. "We have blindness in our family, if I remember right; if indeed I can remember any thing at this awful moment, and my mind has not left me as well as my eye-sight; we have blindness in our family. There was my uncle, black Hunsdrich the trooper, the father of that graceless varlet who lives with his lordship of Schoss Johannisberger, whom never shall I see again. What would I now give for one glimpse at his nose! There is blindness in our family!" continued Master Rodolph, weeping very bitterly; "blindness in our family! Black Hunsdrich the trooper, the father of that graceless varlet, my good uncle Black Hunsdrich, what would he now say to see his dearly beloved nephew, the offspring of his excellent sister my good mother, to whom he was much affected,—what would he say now, were he to see his dearly beloved nephew in this sad and pitiable condition! Weep for me, my friends!—weep and grieve! How often has my dear uncle, Hunsdrich the trooper, how often has he dandled me on his knee! There

is blindness in our family," continued the poor Intendant. "Black Hunsdrich the trooper, my uncle, my dearly beloved uncle, kind Hunsdrich, who was much affected to me. How much I repent at this sad hour, the many wicked tricks I have played unto my dear uncle! Take example by me, dear friends! I would give my place's worth, that I had not set fire to my dear uncle's pig-tail; and it sits heavy on my heart at this dark moment, the thought that in privacy and behind his back, I was wickedly accustomed to call him *Shag-face.* A kind man was Black Hunsdrich the trooper! His eyes were put out by a pike, fighting against his own party by mistake in the dark—there was always blindness in our family!"

Here Master Rodolph was so overcome by his misfortune, that he ceased to speak, and began to moan very piteously; Essper George was not less affected, and sobbed bitterly; Mr. Speigelburg groaned; Little Lintz whimpered. Essper at length broke silence.

"I have been many trades, and learnt many

things in my life," said he, with a very subdued voice; "and I am not altogether ignorant of the economy of our visual nerves. I will essay, good Master Rodolph, my dear friend, my much-beloved friend. I will essay, and examine, whether some remnants of a skill once not altogether inglorious, may not produce benefit unto thy good person. Dry thine eyes, my dear Mr. Speigelburg; and thou, little Mr. Lintz, compose thyself. We cannot control fate; we are not the masters of our destiny. Terrible is this visitation; but it becomes us to conduct ourselves like men; to struggle against misfortune; and verily to do our best to counteract evil. Good Mr. Speigelberg, do thou hold up and support the head of our much-valued friend; and thou, kind and little Mr. Lintz, arrange the light, so that it fall full upon his face. (Here Essper, overpowered by grief, paused for a moment.) Well placed, Mr. Lintz! exceedingly well placed! and yet, a little more to the right. Now I will examine these dear eyes." So saying, Essper, groping his way round Mr. Speigelberg's chair, reached

Master Rodolph. "There is hope," continued he, after a pause of a few minutes; "hope for our much beloved friend. It is not a cataract, and methinks that the sight is not lost. The attack," continued Essper, in a tone of confident pomposity; "the attack is either bilious or nervous. From the colour of our friend's eyes, I at first imagined that it was a sudden rush of bile; but on examining them more minutely, I am inclined to think otherwise. Give me thy pulse, Master Rodolph! Hum! nervous, I think. Show me thy tongue, good Master Rodolph.—Hum! very nervous! Does that affect your breath?" asked Essper; and he gave the little lusty Intendant a stout thrust in his paunch. "Does that affect thy breath, beloved friend?"

"In truth," answered Master Rodolph, but with great difficulty, for he gasped for breath from the effects of the punch; "in truth it very much affects me."

"Hum! decidedly nervous!" said Essper George; "and a little on the lungs—the nerves of the lungs slightly touched: indeed, your

whole nervous system is disarranged. Fear not, my good friend, I perfectly understand your case. We will soon cure you. The first thing to be done, is to apply a lotion of a simple, but very peculiar nature,—the secret was taught me by a Portuguese—and then I must bind your eyes up."

Essper now dipped his handkerchief in water, and then bandaged Master Rodolph's eyes with it very tightly. When he had decidedly ascertained that the Intendant's sight was completely suppressed, he sought his way to the door with becoming caution, and soon re-entered the room with a lamp. The extinguished candles were immediately relit. Master Rodolph continued the whole time moaning without ceasing. "Alack-a-day—and alack, that it should come to this! Oh! Burgundy is a vile wine! Often have I said to myself that I would never dry another bottle of Burgundy. Why have I deserted, like an ungrateful traitor, my own country liquors! Alack-a-day, and alack! the whole house will now go to ruin! Tall Halbert will always be back in his

accounts; and as for that rascally Vienna bottle-merchant, he will ever be cheating me in the exchanges. Much faith have I in thee, good Essper—truly much faith. Thy skill is great, and also thy kindness, good Mr. Speigelburg; —and thou too, my little friend; never more shall I see thy pleasing views of this fair town!"

"Now, Mr. Speigelburg," said Essper, "and thou also, kind Mr. Lintz, assist me in moving away the table, and in placing our dearly beloved and much-afflicted friend in the centre of the room; so that we may all of us have a fair opportunity of witnessing the progress or alteration of his disorder, the shifting of the symptoms, and indeed the general appearance of the case."

They accordingly placed Master Rodolph, who was seated in his large easy chair, in the very centre of the room.

"How feel you now, dear friend?" asked Essper George.

"In truth, very low in spirits, but confiding much in thy skill, good Essper. Hast thou

hope, I pray thee tell me, or recommendest thou that I should send for some learned professor of this city? Methinks, in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom!"

"Yes! and in the multitude of fees there is ruin. I tell thee, much-loved Master Rodolph, that I undertake thy cure—fear not—and thy purse shall suffer as little as thy body. But I must find in thee a ready, satisfied, tractable, and confiding patient. The propriety of my directions must not be questioned, and my instructions must be strictly obeyed."

"In truth, thou hast only to command, good Essper; but might I not part with this bandage? Methinks thy lotion, simple as thou dost profess it to be, has already produced very marvellous effects; and I already feel my sight, as it were, struggling through the folds of this linen cincture."

"Take off that bandage," said Essper, "and you are stone-blind for life!"

"Alack-a-day!" exclaimed Master Rodolph; "how awful! In truth there is blindness in our family. Black Hunsdrich the trooper—"

"Silence!" said the physician; "I must seal your mouth for the present."

"Alack-a-day!" said Master Rodolph; "in truth, without conversation, life appears to me like a prince without a steward!"

"Hush! hush!" again exclaimed Essper; "your attack, good Rodolph, is decidedly nervous, and your cure must be effected by causing an instantaneous re-action of your whole system." Here Essper whispered to Mr. Speigelburg, who immediately quitted the room. "You are perhaps not aware," continued Essper, "of the intimate connexion which exists in the human frame, between the pupils of the eyes and the calves of the legs?"

"Alack-a-day!" exclaimed the simple Intendant.

"Silence! silence! you must listen, not answer: now," continued he, "the attack in your eyes, good Rodolph, has been occasioned by a sort of cramp in your legs; and before any of my remedies can produce an effect upon you, a prior effect must be produced by yourself upon the dormant nerves of the calves of

your legs. This must be produced also by manual friction before a large fire." This fire was now being lighted by Mr. Lintz, under Essper's directions.

"Alack-a-day!" again burst forth Master Rodolph.

"Silence! silence!"

"I tell you, good Essper, I cannot be silent; I must speak, if I be blind for it for my whole life. I rub the calves of my legs! I tell you it would be an easier task for me to rub the Grand Duke's, or Madame Carolina's. I rub the calves of my legs! Why, my dear Essper, I cannot even reach them. It was only last Wednesday, that walking through the Great Square, I saw his Excellency approaching me, when my shoe-string was most unluckily untied. There was no idle boy near to help me, and from the greatness of the exertion, I sank down upon a step. Much fear I that my good Prince credited that I had smelt the wine-cup before dinner. In truth, I think I must again betake myself to buckles. I rub my calves, indeed! Impossible, my dear Essper!"

"Choose then, between a little temporary inconvenience and eternal blindness. I pledge myself to cure you, but it must be by my own remedies. Implicit obedience on your part is the condition of your cure: decide at once!"

"If then it must be so," said Master Rodolph, in a very doleful voice; "if then it must be so, I must even obey thee. Pray for me, my good friends, I am much afflicted. Awful is this visitation—and great this fatigue!"

In truth the fatigue was great. Imagine an unwieldy being like Master Rodolph, stooping down before a blazing fire, and rubbing his calves with unceasing rapidity; Essper George standing over him, and preventing him, by constant threats and ever ready admonitions, from flagging in the slightest degree from his indispensable exertions. Poor Master Rodolph! how he puffed and panted, sighed, and sobbed, and groaned! What rivers of perspiration coursed down his ample countenance! But in the midst of his agony, this faithful steward, never, for one moment, ceased deploring the

anticipated peculations of tall Halbert, and the certain cheatery of the Vienna merchant.

While he was in this condition, and thus active, Mr. Speigelburg returned; and it was with difficulty that the little man could suppress his laughter, when he witnessed his simple host performing this singular ceremony, and making these unusual and almost impossible exertions. Nor was he assisted in his painful struggle to stifle his indecent mirth, by his eyes lighting on Little Lintz, who was blowing the fire with unparalleled vigour, and raising his eyes to heaven with increasing wonder at Essper George, who stood opposite Master Rodolph, lolling out his great red tongue at him, winking his eyes, twisting his nose, and distorting his countenance into the most original grimaces. Mr. Speigelburg brought some cigars, and a large jar of hot water. The cigars were immediately lighted, and one placed in each side of Master Rodolph's mouth; tobacco, according to Essper, being a fine stimulant. Little Lintz was set to trim them, and every five minutes he shook off the grey ashes. Mas-

ter Rodolph was never allowed for a moment to cease exciting the dormant nerves of the calves of his legs.

The clock struck eleven.

"All the symptoms, I am happy to say," observed Essper, "are good. I have no hesitation in declaring that it is my firm conviction, that our much-valued friend will be reinstated in the possession of one of the greatest blessings of life. Before midnight, I calculate, if he be wise enough to obey all my directions, that he will find his sight restored."

"I shall die first," said Master Rodolph, in a very faint voice; "I feel sinking every moment; Adieu, my dear friends! Little did I think this jovial afternoon, that it would end in this. Adieu!"

"We cannot think of quitting you, dearest Master Rodolph!" said Essper. "Do not despair! exert yourself I beseech you: and never cease from exciting the dormant nerves of your calves, until it strike twelve o'clock. The reaction will then have taken place; but mind you rub low, good Rodolph: reach well down;

you cannot rub too low. I stake my reputation upon your cure. Think of this, and do not despair. Shave that cigar, and mend the fire, Little Lintz; and now, good Mr. Speigelburg it is time for the last remedy; and then my good friends, the most profound silence. Not a word from either of you; you must not even answer a single question."

Mr. Speigelburg wanted no fresh instructions, and a stream of warm water was poured down the nape of poor Master Rodolph's neck, with the continuity of a cataract, so that the good steward at last fairly thought that he was born to be drowned. When the great jar was emptied, the confederates sat down to Boston; the patient, the whole time, continuing his exertions, though almost exhausted, and having no idea that he was not unceasingly watched by his gifted physician and faithful nurses.

At length Essper rose, and again felt Master Rodolph's pulse. "The important moment is at hand, my dear friend," said he; "and I rejoice to say that the symptoms could not be

better. Your pulse has recovered, your nerves are rebraced. There!" he cried, jerking off the bandage.

Master Rodolph gave a loud shout, and in spite of his previous exertions, and without speaking a syllable, jumped upon his legs, and began dancing and hallooing with the most ungoverned enthusiasm. He would have stood upon his head, had not Essper George prevented him; but the interference of his physician called him a little to himself, and he embraced his preserver without mercy. Truly that affectionate hug of Master Rodolph, revenged all his previous suffering! The good Intendant was fairly beside himself. He gave Mr. Speigelburg such a joyous slap on his back, that the Court-suit suffered more in that one moment, than it had for years; and as for Little Lintz, he insisted upon putting him in the empty jar. The dwarf ran round the room for his life; and would decidedly have been potted, had it not been for the stout interference of Mr. Speigelburg. The little men

ended by dancing in a circle, hand-in-hand: no one kicked his heels about with greater spirit than Master Rodolph, and supper was immediately ordered, to celebrate his miraculous recovery.

CHAPTER VIII.

Vivian quitted the Von Spittergeus with regret, and with a promise of a speedy return. He would gladly indeed have lengthened his stay at the present moment; but a fête which was to be given this evening by his Excellency the Grand Marshal, rendered his return necessary.

After dining with the doctor and his interesting daughter, Vivian mounted Max, and took care not to return to the city by a cross road. He met Emilius von Aslingen in his ride through the gardens. As that distinguished personage at present patronised the English nation, and astounded the Reisenburg natives by driving an English mail, riding

English horses, and ruling English grooms, he condescended to be exceedingly polite to our hero, whom he had publicly declared at the soirée of the preceding night, to be 'a very bearable being.' Such a character from such a man, raised Vivian even more in the estimation of the Reisenburg world, than his flattering reception by the Grand Duke, and his cordial greeting by Madame Carolina.

"Shall you be at his Excellency the Grand Marshal's, to-night?" asked Vivian.

"Who is he?" inquired Mr. Emilius von Aslingen; "ah! that is the new man—the man who was mediatised, is not it?"

"The Prince of Little Lilliput, I mean."

"Yes!" drawled out Mr. von Aslingen; "a barbarian who lived in a castle in a wood. I shall go if I have courage enough; but they say his servants wear skins, and he has got a tail. Good morning to you! I believe he is your friend."

The ball-room was splendidly illuminated. Vivian never recollected witnessing a more brilliant scene. The whole of the Royal Family

was present, and did honour to their new Officer of state. His Royal Highness was all smiles, and his Consort all diamonds. Stars and uniforms, ribands and orders abounded. All the diplomatic characters wore the different State dresses of their respective Courts. Emilius von Aslingen having given out in the morning, that he should appear as a Captain in the Royal Guards, all the young lords and fops of fashion were consequently ultra militaires. They were not a little annoyed when, late in the evening, their model lounged in, wearing the rich scarlet uniform of a Knight of Malta; of which newly-revived order, Von Aslingen, who had served half a campaign against the Turks, was a member.

The Royal Family had arrived only a few minutes: dancing had not yet commenced. Vivian was at the top of the room, honoured by the notice of Madame Carolina, who complained of his yesterday's absence from the palace. Suddenly the universal hum and buzz, which are always sounding in a crowded room, were stilled; and all present, arrested in their

conversation and pursuits, stood with their heads turned towards the great door. Thither also Vivian looked, and wonderstruck, beheld—Mr. Beckendorff. His singular appearance, for with the exception of his cavalry boots, he presented the same figure as when he first came forward to receive the Prince of Little Lilliput and Vivian on the lawn, immediately attracted universal attention; but in this crowded room, there were a few who, either from actual experience, or accurate information, were not ignorant that this personage was the Prime Minister. The report spread like wildfire. Even the etiquette of a German ball-room, honoured as it was by the presence of the Court, was no restraint to the curiosity and wonder of all present. Yes! even Emilius von Aslingen raised his glass to his eye, and then,—shrugging his shoulders,—his eyes to heaven! But great as was Vivian's astonishment, it was not only occasioned by this unexpected appearance of his former host. Mr. Beckendorff was not alone: a female was leaning on his left arm. A quick glance in a moment convinced Vivian, that she

was not the original of the mysterious picture. The companion of Beckendorff was very young. Her full voluptuous growth gave you, for a moment, the impression that she was somewhat low in stature; but it was only for a moment, for the lady was by no means short. Her beauty it is impossible to describe. It was of a kind that baffles all phrases, nor have I a single simile at command, to make it more clear, or more confused. Her luxurious form, her blonde complexion, her silken hair, would have all become the languishing Sultana; but then her eyes,—they banished all idea of the Seraglio, and were the most decidedly European, though the most brilliant, that ever glanced: eagles might have proved their young at them. To a countenance which otherwise would have been calm, and perhaps pensive, they gave an expression of extreme vivacity and unusual animation, and perhaps of restlessness and arrogance—it might have been courage. The lady was dressed in the costume of a Chanoinesse of a *Couvent des dames nobles;* an institution to which Protestant and Catholic ladies are alike admitted. The

orange-coloured cordon of her canonry, was slung gracefully over her plain black silk-dress, and a diamond cross hung below her waist.

Mr. Beckendorff and his fair companion were instantly welcomed by the Grand Marshal; and Arnelm, and half-a-dozen Chamberlains, all in new uniforms, and extremely agitated, did their utmost, by their exertions in clearing the way, to prevent the Prime-Minister of Reisenburg from paying his respects to his Sovereign. At length, however, Mr. Beckendorff reached the top of the room, and presented the young lady to his Royal Highness, and also to Madame Carolina. Vivian had retired on their approach, and now found himself among a set of young officers—idolaters of Von Aslingen, and of white hats lined with crimson. "Who can she be?" was the universal question. Though all by the query acknowledged their ignorance, yet it is singular that, at the same time, every one was prepared with a response to it. Such are the sources of accurate information!

"And that is Beckendorff, is it?" exclaimed the young Count of Eberstein; "and

his daughter of course! Well; there is nothing like being a plebeian and a Prime Minister! I suppose Beckendorff will bring an anonymous friend to Court next."

"She cannot be his daughter," said Bernstorff. "To be a Chanoinesse of that order, remember she must be noble."

"Then she must be his niece," answered the young Count of Eberstein. "I think I do remember some confused story about a sister of Beckendorff, who ran away with some Wirtemberg Baron. What was that story, Gernsbach?"

"No, it was not his sister," said the Baron of Gernsbach; "it was his aunt, I think."

"Beckendorff's aunt, what an idea! as if he ever had an aunt! Men of his calibre make themselves out of mud. They have no relations. Well, never mind; there was some story, I am sure, about some woman or other. Depend upon it, that this girl is the child of that woman; whether she be aunt, niece, or daughter. I shall go and tell every one that I know the whole business; this girl is the

daughter of some woman or other."—So saying, away walked the young Count of Eberstein, to disseminate in all directions the important conclusion to which his logical head had allowed him to arrive.

"Von Weinbren," said the Baron of Gernsbach, "how can you account for this mysterious appearance of the Premier!"

"Oh! when men are on the decline, they do desperate things. I suppose it is to please the renegado."

"Hush! there's the Englishman behind you."

"On dit, another child of Beckendorff."

"Oh no!—secret mission."

"Ah! indeed."

"Here comes Von Aslingen! Well, great Emilius! how solve you this mystery?"

"What mystery? Is there one?"

"I allude to this wonderful appearance of Beckendorff."

"Beckendorff! what a name! who is he?"

"Nonsense! the Premier."

"Well!"

"You have seen him of course; he is here. Have you just come in?"

"Beckendorff here!" said Von Aslingen, in a tone of affected horror; "I did not know that the fellow was to be visited. It is all over with Reisenburg. I shall go to Vienna to-morrow."

But hark! the sprightly music calls to the dance: and first the stately Polonaise, an easy gradation between walking and dancing. To the surprise of the whole room, and the indignation of many of the high nobles, the Crown-Prince of Reisenburg led off the Polonaise with the unknown fair one. Such an attention to Beckendorff was a distressing proof of present power and favour. The Polonaise is a dignified promenade, with which German balls invariably commence. The Cavaliers, with an air of studied grace, offer their right hands to their fair partners; and the whole party, in a long file, accurately follow the leading couple through all their scientific evolutions, as they wind through every part of the room. Waltzes in sets speedily followed the Polonaise; and the

unknown, who was now an object of universal attention, danced with Count von Sohnspeer—another of Beckendorff's numerous progeny, if the reader remember. How scurvily are poor single gentlemen, who live alone, treated by the candid tongues of their fellow-creatures! The Commander-in-chief of the Reisenburg troops was certainly a partner of a very different complexion to the young lady's previous one. The Crown-Prince had undertaken his duty with reluctance, and had performed it without grace: not a single word had he exchanged with his partner during the promenade, and his genuine listlessness was even more offensive than affected apathy. Von Sohnspeer, on the contrary, danced in the true Vienna style, and whirled like a dervish. All our good English prejudices against the soft, the swimming, the sentimental, melting, undulating, dangerous waltz, would quickly disappear, if we only executed the dreaded manœuvres in the true Austrian style. As for myself, far from trembling for any of my daughters, although I particularly pride myself upon my character as a father,

far from trembling for any of my daughters while joining in the whirling waltz, I should as soon expect them to get sentimental in a swing.

Vivian did not choose to presume upon his late acquaintance with Mr. Beckendorff, as it had not been sought by that gentleman, and he consequently did not pay his respects to the Minister. Mr. Beckendorff continued at the top of the room, standing between the state chairs of his Royal Highness and Madame Carolina, and occasionally addressing an observation to his Sovereign, and answering one of the lady's. Had Mr. Beckendorff been in the habit of attending balls nightly, he could not have exhibited more perfect nonchalance. There he stood, with his arms crossed behind him, his chin resting on his breast, and his raised eyes glancing!

"My dear Prince," said Vivian to the Grand Marshal, "you are just the person I wanted to speak to. How came you to invite Beckendorff—and how came he to accept the invitation?"

"My dear friend," said his Highness, shrug-

ging his shoulders, "wonders will never cease. I never invited him; I should just as soon have thought of inviting old Schoss Johannisberger."

"Were not you aware, then, of his intention?"

"Not the least! you should rather say *attention;* for I assure you, I consider it a most particular one. It is quite astonishing, my dear friend, how I mistook that man's character. He really is one of the most gentlemanly, polite, and excellent persons I know: no more mad than you are! And as for his power being on the decline, we know the nonsense of that!"

"Better than most persons, I suspect. Sievers, of course, is not here?"

"No! you have heard about him, I suppose."

"Heard!—heard what?"

"Not heard! well—he told me yesterday, and said he was going to call upon you directly to let you know."

"Know what?"

"He is a very sensible man, Sievers; and I am very glad at last that he is likely to succeed

in the world. All men have their little imprudencies, and he was a little too hot once. What of that?—He has come to his senses—so have I; and I hope you will never lose yours!"

"But pray, my dear Prince, tell me what has happened to Sievers."

"He is going to Vienna immediately, and will be very useful there I have no doubt. He has got a very good place, and I am sure he will do his duty. They cannot have an abler man."

"Vienna! well—that is the last city in the world in which I should expect to find Mr. Sievers. What place can he have?—and what services can he perform there?"

"Many! he is to be Editor of the Austrian Observer, and Censor of the Austrian Press. I thought he would do well at last. All men have their imprudent day. I had. I cannot stop now—I must go and speak to the Countess von S——."

As Vivian was doubting whether he should most grieve or laugh, at this singular termination

of Mr. Sievers' career, his arm was suddenly seized, and on turning round, he found it was by Mr. Beckendorff.

"There is another very strong argument, Sir," said the Minister, without any of the usual phrases of recognition; "there is another very strong argument against your doctrine of Destiny." And then Mr. Beckendorff, taking Vivian by the arm, began walking up and down part of the saloon with him; and in a few minutes, quite forgetting the scene of the discussion, he was involved in the deepest metaphysics. This incident created another great sensation, and whispers of "secret mission—Secretary of State—decidedly a son," &c. &c. &c. were in an instant afloat in all parts of the room.

The approach of his Royal Highness extricated Vivian from an argument, which was as profound as it was interminable; and as Mr. Beckendorff retired with the Grand Duke into a recess in the ball-room, Vivian was requested by Von Neuwied to attend his Excellency the Grand Marshal.

"My dear friend," said the Prince, "I saw you talking with a certain person; now is not he what you call a proper man,—gentlemanly, polite, and exceedingly attentive? I did not say any thing to you when I passed you before; but to tell you the truth now, I was a little annoyed that he had not spoken to you. I knew you were as proud as Lucifer, and would not salute him yourself; and between ourselves I had no great wish you should; for, not to conceal it, he did not even mention your name. But the reason of this, is now quite evident, and you must confess he is remarkably attentive. You know, if you remember, we thought that incognito was a little affected—rather annoying, if you recollect. I remember in the green lane, you gave him a gentle cut about it: you have not forgot you told me, perhaps? It was very kind of you, very spirited, and I dare say, did good. Well!—what I was going to say about that, is this,—I dare say now, after all," continued his Excellency, with a very knowing look, "a certain person had very good reasons for that: not that he ever told them to me, nor

that I have the slightest idea of them; but when a person is really so exceedingly polite and attentive, I always think he would never do any thing disagreeable without a cause,—and it was exceedingly disagreeable, if you remember, my dear friend. I never knew to whom he was speaking. Von Philipson indeed! hah! hah! hah! when one does remember certain things in one's life—hah! hah! hah! eh Grey?—you remember that cucumber? and Owl-face, eh? hah! hah! hah! and Madame Clara, eh? Well! we did not think, the day we were floundering down that turf road, that it would end in this. Grand Marshal! rather a more brilliant scene than the Giants' Hall at Turriparva, I think, eh?—hah! hah! hah! But all men have their imprudent days; the best way is to forget them. There was poor Sievers: who ever did more imprudent things than he? and now it is very likely he will do very well in the world, eh? Well! there is no end to talking so. What I want of you, my dear fellow, is this. There is that girl who came with Beckendorff: who the deuce she is, I don't

know:—let us hope the best! We must pay her every attention. I dare say she is his daughter. You have not forgotten the portrait, I dare say. Well! we all were gay once, you know, Grey. All men have their imprudent day;—why should not Beckendorff?—speaks rather in his favour, I think. Well, this girl, you know;—His Royal Highness very kindly made the Crown-Prince walk the Polonaise with her—very kind of him, and very proper. What attention can be too great for the daughter or friend of such a man!—a man who, in two words, may be said to have made Reisenburg. For what was Reisenburg before Beckendorff? Ah! what? Perhaps we were happier then, after all: and then there was no Royal Highness to bow to; no person to be condescending, except ourselves. But never mind! we'll forget. After all, this life has its charms. What a brilliant scene!—but I ramble so—this girl—every attention should be paid her, of course. The Crown-Prince was so kind as to walk the Polonaise with her;—and Von Sohnspeer—he is a brute, to be sure; but then he is a Field Mar-

shal. I did not know, till to-day, that in public processions the Grand Marshal takes precedence of the Field Marshal! That is, I walk before Von Sohnspeer: and what is more just?—precisely as it should be. Ah! I never shall come to the point—this girl,—every attention should be paid her; and I think, considering what has taken place between Beckendorff and yourself, and the very polite, and marked, and flattering, and particularly attentive manner in which he recognised you,—I think, that after all this, and considering every thing, the etiquette is for you, my dear Grey, particularly as you are a foreigner, and my personal friend—indeed my most particular friend, for in fact I owe every thing to you—my life, and more than my life,—I think, I repeat, considering all this, that the least you can do is to ask her to dance with you; and I, as the host, will introduce you. I am sorry, my dear friend," continued his Excellency, with a look of great regret, "to introduce you to——; but we will not speak about it. We have no right to complain of Mr. Beckendorff. No person could possibly

behave to us in a manner more polite, and gentlemanly, and attentive."

After an introductory speech, in his Excellency's happiest manner, and in which an eulogium of Vivian, and a compliment to the fair unknown, got almost as completely entangled as the origin of slavery, and the history of the feudal system, in his more celebrated harangue; Vivian found himself waltzing with the anonymous beauty. The Grand Marshal, during the process of introduction, had given the young lady every opportunity of declaring her name; but every opportunity was thrown away. "She must be incog." whispered his Excellency: "*Miss* von Philipson, I suppose?"

Vivian was extremely desirous of discovering the nature of the relationship, or connexion, between Beckendorff and his partner. The rapid waltz allowed no pause for conversation; but after the dance, Vivian seated himself at her side, with the determination of not very quickly deserting it. The lady did not even allow him the satisfaction of commencing the conversation; for no sooner was she seated, than

she begged to know who the person was with whom she had previously waltzed. The history of Count von Sohnspeer exceedingly amused her; and no sooner had Vivian finished his anecdote, than the lady said, "Ah! I see you are an amusing person. Now tell me the history of every body in the room."

"Really," said Vivian, "I fear I shall forfeit my reputation of being amusing very speedily; for I am almost as great a stranger at this Court as you appear to be yourself! Count von Sohnspeer is too celebrated a personage at Reisenburg, to have allowed even me to be long ignorant of his history; and, as for the rest, as far as I can judge, they are most of them as obscure as myself, and not nearly as interesting as you are!"

"Are you an Englishman?" asked the lady.

"I am."

"I supposed so, both from your travelling and your appearance: I think the English countenance is very peculiar."

"Indeed! we do not flatter ourselves so at home."

"Yes! it is peculiar," said the lady, in a tone which seemed to imply that contradiction was unusual; "and I think that you are all handsome! I admire the English, which in this part of the world is singular; in the South, you know, we are generally *francisé*."

"I am aware of that," said Vivian. "There, for instance," pointing to a very pompous-looking personage, who at that moment strutted by; "there, for instance, is the most *francisé* person in all Reisenburg! that is our Grand Chamberlain. He considers himself a most felicitous copy of Louis the Fourteenth! He allows nothing in his opinions and phrases, but what is orthodox. As it generally happens in such cases, his orthodoxy is rather obsolete."

"Who is that knight of Malta?" asked the lady.

"The most powerful individual in the room," answered Vivian.

"Who can he be?" asked the lady with eagerness.

"Behold him, and tremble!" rejoined Vivian: "for with him it rests to decide, whether

you are civilized, or a savage; whether you are to be abhorred, or admired; idolized, or despised. Nay, do not be alarmed! there are a few heretics, even in Reisenburg, who, like myself, value from conviction, and not from fashion; and who will be ever ready, in spite of a Von Aslingen anathema, to evince our admiration where it is due."

The lady pleaded fatigue, as an excuse for not again dancing; and Vivian, of course, did not quit her side. Her lively remarks, piquant observations, and very singular questions, highly amused him; and he was equally flattered by the evident gratification which his conversation afforded her. It was chiefly of the principal members of the Court that she spoke: she was delighted with Vivian's glowing character of Madame Carolina, whom she said she had this evening seen for the first time. Who this unknown could be, was a question which often occurred to him; and the singularity of a man like Beckendorff, suddenly breaking through his habits, and outraging the whole system of his existence, to please a

daughter, or niece, or female cousin, did not fail to strike him.

"I have the honour of being acquainted with Mr. Beckendorff," said Vivian. This was the first time that the Minister's name had been mentioned.

"I perceived you talking with him," was the answer.

"You are staying, I suppose, at Mr. Beckendorff's?"

"Not at present."

"You have, of course, been at his retreat—delightful place!"

"Very elegant!"

"Are you an ornithologist?" asked Vivian, smiling.

"Not at all scientific; but I, of course, can now tell a lory from a Java sparrow—and a bullfinch from a canary. The first day I was there, I never shall forget the surprise I experienced, when, after the noon meal being finished, the aviary door was opened. After that, I always let the creatures out myself; and one day I opened all the cages at once. If you could but have witnessed the scene! I am

sure *you* would have been quite delighted with it. As for poor Mr. Beckendorff, I thought even he would have gone out of his mind; and when I brought in the white peacock, he actually left the room in despair. Pray how do you like Madame Clara, and Owlface too? Which do you think the most beautiful? I am no great favourite with the old lady. Indeed, it was very kind of Mr. Beckendorff to bear with every thing as he did: I am sure he is not much used to lady visitors."

"I trust that your visit to him will not be very short?"

"My stay at Reisenburg will not be very long:" said the young lady, with rather a grave countenance. "Have you been here any time?"

"About a fortnight: it was a mere chance my coming at all. I was going on straight to Vienna."

"To Vienna! indeed! Well, I am glad you did not miss Reisenburg; you must not quit it now. You know that this is not the Vienna season?"

"I am aware of it; but I am such a restless person, that I never regulate my movements by those of other people."

"But surely you find Reisenburg very agreeable?"

"Very much so; but I am a confirmed wanderer."

"Why are you?" asked the lady, with great naïveté.

Vivian looked grave; and the lady, as if she were sensible of having unintentionally occasioned him a painful recollection, again expressed her wish that he should not immediately quit the Court, and trusted that circumstances would not prevent him acceding to her desire.

"It does not even depend upon circumstances," said Vivian; "the whim of the moment is my only principle of action, and therefore I may be off to-night, or be here a month hence."

"Oh! pray stay then," said his companion, eagerly; "I expect you to stay now. If you could only have an idea what a relief con-

versing with you is, after having been dragged by the Crown-Prince, and whirled by that Von Sohnspeer! Heigho! I could almost sigh at the very remembrance of that doleful Polonaise."

The lady ended, with a faint laugh, a sentence which apparently had been commenced in no light vein. She did not cease speaking, but continued to request Vivian to remain at Reisenburg at least as long as herself. Her frequent requests were perfectly unnecessary; for the promise had been pledged at the first hint of her wish; but this was not the only time during the evening, that Vivian had remarked, that his interesting companion occasionally talked without apparently being sensible that she was conversing.

The young Count of Eberstein, who, to use his own phrase, was 'sadly involved,' and consequently very desirous of being appointed a forest Councillor, thought that he should secure his appointment, by condescending to notice the person whom he delicately styled 'the Minister's female relative.' To his great mortification and surprise, the honour was declined; and

'the female relative,' being unwilling to dance again, but perhaps feeling it necessary to break off her conversation with her late partner, it having already lasted a most unusual time, highly gratified his Excellency the Grand Marshal by declaring that she would dance with Prince Maximilian. "This, to say the least, was very attentive of Miss von Philipson."

Little Max, who had just tact enough to discover, that to be the partner of the fair incognita was the place of honour of the evening, now considered himself by much the most important personage in the room. In fact, he was only second to Emilius von Aslingen. The evident contest which was ever taking place between his natural feelings as a boy, and his acquired habits as a courtier, made him a very amusing companion. He talked of the Gardens, and the Opera, in a style not unworthy of the young Count of Eberstein. He thought that Madame Carolina was as charming as usual to-night; but, on the contrary, that the Countess von S—— was looking rather ill—and this put him in mind of her ladyship's

new equipage; and then, à propos to equipages, what did his companion think of the new fashion of the Hungarian harness? His lively and kind companion encouraged the boy's tattle; and, emboldened by her good-nature, he soon forgot his artificial speeches, and was quickly rattling on about Turriparva, and his horses, and his dogs, and his park, and his guns, and his grooms. Soon after the waltz, the lady, taking the arm of the young Prince, walked up to Mr. Beckendorff. He received her with very great attention, and led her to Madame Carolina, who rose, seated Mr. Beckendorff's 'female relative' by her side, and evidently said something extremely agreeable.

Mr. Beckendorff had been speaking to Von Sohnspeer, who was now again dancing; and the Minister was standing by himself, in his usual attitude, and quite abstracted. Young Maximilian, who seemed to be very much struck by the Minister's appearance, continued, after losing his partner, to eye Mr. Beckendorff with a very scrutinizing glance. By degrees he drew nearer and nearer to the object of his examina-

tion, sometimes staring at him with intenseness, and occasionally casting his eyes to the ground as if he thought he was observed. At length he had come up quite close to the Premier, and waiting for an instant until he had caught his eye, he made a most courteous bow, and said in a very agitated voice, as if he already repented his rash venture, "I think, Sir, that you have dropped the pin out of this part of your dress."

Here the young Prince pointed with a shaking finger to the part of the breast in Mr. Beckendorff's costume, where the small piece of flannel waistcoat invariably made its appearance.

"You think so, Sir, do you?" said the Prime Minister of Reisenburg. "Pray, at what o'clock do you go to bed?"

If you have ever seen a barking dog, reached by the dexterous lash of some worried equestrian, suddenly slink away; his annoying yell instantaneously silenced, and his complacent grin of ludicrous importance changed into a doleful look of unexpected discomfiture; you may form some idea of the shuffling rapidity with which the young Prince Maximilian disap-

peared from the presence of Mr. Beckendorff; and the countenance of actual alarm with which he soon sought refuge in another part of the room. In the fright of the moment, the natural feelings of the child all returned; and, like all frightened children, he sought a friend—he ran to Vivian.

"I know something!" said the boy.

"What?"

"I'll tell you a secret: you must not say a word though—upon your honour?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"Put your ear down lower: any body looking?"

"No, no!"

"Sure nobody can hear?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then I'll tell you what: lean down a little lower—sure nobody is listening?—I—I—I don't like that Mr. Beckendorff!"

CHAPTER IX.

Vivian had promised Madame Carolina a second English lesson on the day after the Grand Marshal's fête. The great progress which the lady had made, and the great talent which the gentleman had evinced during the first, had rendered Madame the most enthusiastic of pupils, and Vivian, in her estimation, the ablest of instructors. Madame Carolina's passion was patronage. To discover concealed merit, to encourage neglected genius, to reveal the mysteries of the world to a novice in mankind; or in short, to make herself very agreeable to any one whom she fancied to be very interesting; was the great business, and the great delight, of her existence. No sooner had

her eyes lighted on Vivian Grey, than she determined to patronize. His country, his appearance, the romantic manner in which he had become connected with the Court, all pleased her lively imagination. She was intuitively acquainted with his whole history, and in an instant he was the hero of a romance, of which the presence of the principal character compensated, we may suppose, for the somewhat indefinite details. His taste, and literary acquirements, completed the spell by which Madame Carolina was willingly enchanted. A low Dutch professor, whose luminous genius rendered unnecessary the ceremony of shaving; and a dumb dwarf, in whose interesting appearance was forgotten its perfect idiotism; a prosy improvisatore, and a South American savage, were all superseded on the appearance of Vivian Grey.

As Madame Carolina was, in fact, a very delightful woman, our hero had no objection to humour her harmless foibles; and not contented with making notes in an interleaved copy of her Charlemagne, he even promised to read Haroun

Al Raschid in manuscript. The consequence of his courtesy, and the reward of his taste, was unbounded favour. Apartments in the palace were offered him, and declined; and when Madame Carolina had become acquainted with sufficient of his real history, to know that, on his part, neither wish nor necessity existed to return immediately to his own country, she tempted him to remain at Reisenburg by an offer of a place at Court; and doubtless, had he been willing, Vivian might in time have become a Lord Chamberlain, or perhaps even a Field Marshal.

On entering the room, the morning in question, he found Madame Carolina writing. At the end of the apartment, a lady ceased, on his appearance, humming an air to which she was dancing, and at the same time imitating castanets. Madame received Vivian with expressions of the greatest delight, saying also, in a very peculiar and confidential manner, that she was just sealing up a packet for him, the preface of Haroun; and then she introduced him

to 'the Baroness!' Vivian turned and bowed: the lady who was lately dancing, came forward. It was his unknown partner of the preceding night. 'The Baroness' extended her hand to Vivian, and unaffectedly expressed her great pleasure at seeing him again. Vivian trusted that she was not fatigued by the fête, and asked after Mr. Beckendorff. Madame Carolina was busily engaged at the moment in duly securing the precious preface. The Baroness said that Mr. Beckendorff had returned home, but that Madame Carolina had kindly insisted upon her staying at the palace. She was not the least wearied. Last night had been one of the most agreeable she had ever spent, at least she supposed she ought to say so: for if she had experienced a tedious or mournful feeling for a moment, it was hardly for what was then passing, so much as for——

"Pray, Mr. Grey," said Madame Carolina, interrupting them, "have you heard about our new ballet?"

"No!"

"I do not think you have ever been to our

Opera. To-morrow is Opera night, and you must not be again away. We pride ourselves here very much upon our Opera."

"We estimate it even in England," said Vivian, "as possessing perhaps the most perfect orchestra now organized."

"The orchestra is very perfect. His Royal Highness is such an excellent musician, and he has spared no trouble nor expense in forming it: he has always superintended it himself. But I confess, I admire our ballet department still more. I expect you to be delighted with it. You will perhaps be gratified to know, that the subject of our new splendid ballet, which is to be produced to-morrow, is from a great work of your illustrious poet—my Lord Byron."

"From which of his works?"

"The Corsair. Ah! what a sublime work!—what passion!—what energy!—what knowledge of feminine feeling!—what contrast of character!—what sentiments!—what situations! Oh! I wish this was Opera night—Gulnare! oh! my favourite character—beautiful! beautiful! beautiful! How do you think they will dress her?"

"Are you an admirer of our Byron?" asked Vivian of the Baroness.

"I think he is a very handsome man. I once saw him at the carnival at Venice."

"But his works—his grand works! ma chère petite," said Madame Carolina, in her sweetest tone; "you have read his works?"

"Not a line," answered the Baroness, with great naïveté; "I never saw them."

"Oh! pauvre enfant!" said Madame Carolina; "I will employ you then while you are here."

"I never read," said the Baroness; "I cannot bear it. I like poetry and romances, but I like somebody to read to me."

"Very just!" said Madame Carolina; "We can judge with greater accuracy of the merit of a composition, when it reaches our mind merely through the medium of the human voice. The soul is an essence,—invisible and indivisible. In this respect, the voice of man resembles the principle of his existence; since few will deny, though there are some materialists who will deny every thing, that the human voice is both im-

palpable, and audible only in one place at the same time. Hence, I ask, is it illogical to infer its indivisibility? The soul and the voice then, are similar in two great attributes; there is a secret harmony in their spiritual construction. In the earliest ages of mankind a beautiful tradition was afloat, that the soul and the voice, were one and the same. We may perhaps recognize in this fanciful belief, the effect of the fascinating and imaginative philosophy of the East; that mysterious portion of the globe," continued Madame Carolina with renewed energy, "from which we should frankly confess that we derive every thing: for the South is but the pupil of the East, through the mediation of Egypt. Of this opinion," said Madame with increased fervour, "I have no doubt: of this opinion," continued the lady with additional enthusiasm, "I have boldly avowed myself a votary in a dissertation appended to the second volume of Haroun: for this opinion I would die at the stake! Oh, lovely East! Why was I not oriental! Land where the voice of the nightingale is never mute!

Land of the cedar and the citron, the turtle and the myrtle—of ever-blooming flowers, and ever-shining skies! Illustrious East! Cradle of Philosophy! Oh, my dearest Baroness, why do not you feel as I do! From the East we obtain every thing!"

"Indeed!" said the Baroness, with great simplicity; "I thought we only got Cachemere shawls."

This puzzling answer was only noticed by Vivian; for the truth is, Madame Carolina was one of those individuals who never attend to any person's answers. Always thinking of herself, she only asked questions that she herself might supply the responses. And now having made, as she flattered herself, a very splendid display to her favourite critic, she began to consider what had given rise to her oration. Lord Byron and the ballet again occurred to her; and as the Baroness, at least, was not unwilling to listen, and as she herself had no manuscript of her own which she particularly wished to be perused, she proposed that Vivian should read to them part of the Corsair, and

in the original tongue. Madame Carolina opened the volume at the first prison scene between Gulnare and Conrad. It was her favourite. Vivian read with care and feeling. Madame was in raptures, and the Baroness, although she did not understand a single syllable, seemed almost equally delighted. At length Vivian came to this passage—

"My love stern Seyd's! Oh—no—no—not my love!—
Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove
To meet his passion—but it would not be.
I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the free—
I am a slave, a favour'd slave at best,
To share his splendour, and seem very blest!
Oft must my soul the question undergo,
Of—'Dost thou love?' and burn to answer 'No!'
Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
And struggle not to feel averse in vain;
But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
And hide from one—perhaps another there;—
He takes the hand I give not nor withhold—
Its pulse nor check'd—nor quicken'd—calmly cold:
And when resign'd, it drops a lifeless weight
From one I never lov'd enough to hate.
No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
Yes—had I ever proved that passion's zeal,
The change to hatred were at least to feel:

But still—he goes unmourn'd—returns unsought—
And oft when present—absent from my thought.
Or when reflection comes, and come it must—
I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust;
I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,
'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride."

"Oh! how superb!" said Madame, in a voice of enthusiasm; "how true! what passion! what energy! what sentiments! what knowledge of feminine feeling! Read it again, I pray: it is my favourite passage."

"What is this passage about?" asked the Baroness with great anxiety; "tell me?"

"I have a French translation, ma mignonne," said Madame; "you shall have it afterwards."

"No! I detest reading," said the young lady, with a very imperious air; "translate it to me at once."

"You are rather a self-willed, petted, little beauty!" thought Vivian; "but your eyes are so brilliant that nothing must be refused you!" and so he did translate it.

On its conclusion, Madame was again in raptures. The Baroness was not less affected, but she said nothing. She appeared extremely

agitated; she changed colour—raised her beautiful eyes with an expression of great sorrow—looked at Vivian very earnestly, and then walked to the other end of the room. In a few moments she returned to her seat.

"I wish you would tell me the story," she said, with great earnestness.

"I have a French translation, ma belle!" said Madame Carolina; "at present I wish to trouble Mr. Grey with a few questions." Madame Carolina led Vivian into a recess.

"I am sorry we are troubled with this sweet little savage; but I think she has talent, though evidently quite uneducated. We must do what we can for her. Her total ignorance of all breeding is amusing, but then I think she has a natural elegance. We shall soon polish her. His Royal Highness is so anxious that every attention should be paid to her. Beckendorff, you know, is a man of the greatest genius. (Madame Carolina had lowered her tone about the Minister since the Prince of Little Lilliput's apostacy.) The country is greatly indebted to him. This, between ourselves, is his daughter.

At least *I* have no doubt of it. Beckendorff was once married—to a lady of great rank—died early—beautiful woman—very interesting! His Royal Highness had a great regard for her. The Premier, in his bereavement, turned humourist, and has brought up this lovely girl in the oddest possible manner—nobody knows where. Now that he finds it necessary to bring her forward, he, of course, is quite at a loss. His Royal Highness has applied to me. There was a little coldness before, between the Minister and myself. It is now quite removed. I must do what I can for her. I think she must marry Von Sohnspeer, who is no more Beckendorff's son than you are: or young Eberstein—or young Bernstorff—or young Gernsbach. We must do something for her. I offered her last night to Emilius von Aslingen; but he said, that unfortunately he was just importing a savage or two of his own from the Brazils, and consequently was not in want of her."

A Chamberlain now entered, to announce the speedy arrival of his Royal Highness. The

Baroness, without ceremony, expressed her great regret that he was coming, as now she should not hear the wished-for story. Madame Carolina reproved her, and the reproof was endured rather than submitted to.

His Royal Highness entered, and was accompanied by the Crown-Prince. He greeted the young lady with great kindness; and even the Crown-Prince, inspired by his father's unusual warmth, made a shuffling kind of bow, and a stuttering kind of speech. Vivian was about to retire on the entrance of the Grand Duke; but Madame Carolina prevented him, and his Royal Highness turning round, very graciously seconded her desire, and added that Mr. Grey was the very gentleman with whom he was desirous of meeting.

"I am anxious," said he to Vivian, in rather a low tone, "to make Riesenburg agreeable to Mr. Beckendorff's fair friend. As you are one of the few who are honoured by his intimacy, and are familiar with some of our State secrets," added the Grand Duke with a smile;

"I am sure it will give you pleasure to assist me in the execution of my wishes."

His Royal Highness proposed that the ladies should ride; and he himself, with the Crown-Prince and Mr. Grey, would attend them. Madame Carolina expressed her willingness; but the Baroness, like all forward girls unused to the world, suddenly grew at the same time both timid and disobliging. She looked sullen and discontented, and coolly said that she did not feel in the humour to ride for, at least, these two hours. To Vivian's surprise, even the Grand Duke humoured her fancy, and declared that he should then be happy to attend them after the Court-dinner. Until that time Vivian was amused by Madame; and the Grand Duke exclusively devoted himself to the Baroness. His Royal Highness was in his happiest mood; and his winning manners and elegant conversation, soon chased away the cloud which, for a moment, had settled on the young lady's fair brow.

CHAPTER X.

The Grand Duke of Reisenburg was an enthusiastic lover of music, and his people were consequently music mad. The whole city were fiddling day and night, or blowing trumpets, oboes, and bassoons. Sunday, however, was the most harmonious day in the week. The Opera amused the Court and the wealthiest bourgeoisie; and few private houses could not boast their family concert, or small party of performers. In the guingettes, or tea-gardens, of which there were many in the suburbs of the city, bearing the euphonious, romantic, and fashionable titles of Tivoli, Arcadia, and Vauxhall, a strong and amateur orchestra was never wanting. Strolling through the city on a Sun-

day afternoon, many a pleasing picture of innocent domestic enjoyment might be observed. In the arbour of a garden a very stout man, with a fair, broad, good-natured, solid German face, may be seen perspiring under the scientific exertion of the French horn; himself wisely disembarrassed of the needless incumbrance of his pea-green coat and showy waistcoat, which lay neatly folded by his side; while his large and sleepy blue eyes actually gleam with enthusiasm. His daughter, a soft and delicate girl, touches the light guitar; catching the notes of the music from the opened opera, which is placed before the father on a massy music stand. Her voice joins in melody with her mother; who, like all German mothers, seems only her daughter's self, subdued by an additional twenty years. The bow of one violin is handled, with the air of a master, by an elder brother; while a younger one, an University student, grows sentimental over the flute. The same instrument is also played by a tall and tender-looking young man in black, who stands behind the parents, next to the daughter, and occasionally

looks off his music-book to gaze on his young mistress' eyes. He is a clerk in a public-office; and on next Michaelmas day, if he succeed, as he hopes, in gaining a small addition to his salary, he will be still more entitled to join in the Sunday family concert. Such is one of the numerous groups, the sight of which, must assuredly give pleasure, to every man who delights in seeing his fellow-creatures refreshed after their weekly labours, by such calm and rational enjoyment. I would gladly linger among such scenes, which to me have afforded, at many an hour, the most pleasing emotions; and, moreover, the humours of a guingette are not unworthy of our attention: but I must introduce the reader to a more important party, and be consoled for leaving a scene where I fain would loiter, by flattering myself that my attention is required to more interesting topics.

The Court chapel and the Court dinner are over. We are in the Opera-house of Reisenburg; and, of course, rise as the Royal party enters. The house, which is of a moderate size —perhaps of the same dimensions as our small

theatres—was fitted up with great splendour; I hardly know whether I should say with great taste; for although, not merely the scenery, but indeed every part of the house, was painted by eminent artists, the style of the ornaments was rather patriotic than tasteful. The house had been built immediately after the war, at a period when Reisenburg, flushed with the success of its thirty thousand men, imagined itself to be a great military nation. Trophies, standards, cannon, eagles, consequently appeared in every corner of the Opera-house; and quite superseded lyres, and timbrels, and tragic daggers, and comic masks. The Royal box was constructed in the form of a tent, and held nearly fifty persons. It was exactly in the centre of the house, its floor over the back of the pit, and its roof reaching to the top of the second circle; its crimson hangings were restrained by ropes of gold, and the whole was surmounted by a large and radiant crown. The house was, of course, merely lighted by a chandelier from the centre.

The Opera for the evening was Rossini's Otello. As soon as the Grand Duke entered, the overture commenced; his Royal Highness coming forward to the front of the box, and himself directing the musicians; keeping time earnestly with his right hand, in which was a very long black opera glass. This he occasionally used, but merely to look at the orchestra; not, assuredly, to detect a negligent or inefficient performer; for in the schooled orchestra of Reisenburg, it would have been impossible even for the eagle-eye of his Royal Highness, assisted as it was by his long black opera glass, or for his fine ear, matured as it was by the most complete study, to discover there, either inattention or feebleness. The house was perfectly silent; for when the Monarch directs the orchestra, the world goes to the Opera to listen. Perfect silence at Reisenburg then, was etiquette and the fashion; and being etiquette and the fashion was thought no hardship; for at our own Opera-house, or at the Academie at Paris, or the Pergola, or La Scala, or San Carlo, we do not

buzz, and chatter, and rattle, and look as if to listen to the performance were rank heresy, either because music is disagreeable, or to buzz, chatter, and rattle, the reverse; but in truth, merely because there, to listen to the performer is not etiquette and the fashion; and to buzz, chatter, and rattle, is. Emilius von Aslingen was accustomed to say, that at Reisenburg he went to the Chapel in the morning to talk, and to the Opera, in the evening, to pray. Between the acts of the Opera, however, the Ballet was performed; and then every body might talk, and laugh, and remark, as much as they chose.

The Opera, I have said, was Otello. The Grand Duke prided himself as much upon the accuracy of his scenery and dresses and decorations, as upon the exquisite skill of his performers. In truth, an Opera at Reisenburg was a spectacle which could not fail to be interesting to a man of taste. When the curtain drew up, the first scene presented a view of old Brabantio's house. It was accurately copied from one of the sumptuous structures of Scamozzi, or Sansovino, or Palladio, which adorn the Grand

Canal of Venice. In the distance rose the domes of St. Mark, and the lofty Campanile. Vivian could not fail to be delighted with this beautiful work of art, for such indeed it should be styled. He was more surprised, however, but not less pleased, on the entrance of Othello himself. In England we are accustomed to deck this adventurous Moor in the costume of his native country—but is this correct? The Grand Duke of Reisenburg thought not. Othello was an adventurer; at an early age he entered, as many foreigners did, into the service of Venice. In that service he rose to the highest dignities —became General of their armies, and of their fleets; and finally the Viceroy of their favourite kingdom. Is it natural to suppose, that such a man should have retained, during his successful career, the manners and dress of his original country? Ought we not rather to admit, that, had he done so, his career would, in fact, not have been successful? In all probability, he imitated to affectation the manners of the country which he had adopted. It is not probable that in such, or in any age,

the turbaned Moor would have been treated with great deference by the common Christian soldier of Venice—or indeed, that the scandal of a heathen leading the armies of one of the most powerful of European States, would have been tolerated for an instant by indignant Christendom. If Shylock even, the Jew merchant, confined to his quarter, and herding with his own sect, were bearded on the Rialto,—in what spirit would the Venetians have witnessed their doge and nobles, whom they ranked above kings, holding equal converse, and loading with the most splendid honours of the Republic, a follower of Mahound? Such were the sentiments of the Grand Duke of Reisenburg on this subject, a subject interesting to Englishmen; and I confess I think, that they are worthy of attention. In accordance with his opinions, the actor who performed Othello, appeared in the full dress of a Venetian magnifico of the middle ages; a fit companion for Cornaro, or Grimani, or Barberigo, or Foscari.

The first act of the Opera was finished. The Baroness expressed to Vivian her great delight

at its being over; as she was extremely desirous of learning the story of the ballet, which she had not yet been able to acquire. His translation of yesterday had greatly interested her. Vivian shortly gave her the outline of the story of Conrad. She listened with great attention, but made no remark.

The ballet at Reisenburg was not merely a vehicle for the display of dancing. It professed by gesture and action, aided by music, to influence the minds of the spectators not less than the regular drama. Of this exhibition dancing was a casual ornament, as it is of life. It took place therefore only on fitting occasions, and grew out, in a natural manner, from some event in the history represented. For instance, suppose the story of Othello the subject of the ballet. The dancing, in all probability, would be introduced at a grand entertainment, given in celebration of the Moor's arrival at Cyprus. All this would be in character. Our feelings would not be outraged by a husband chassezing forward to murder his wife; or by seeing the pillow pressed over the innocent Desdemona by

the impulse of a pirouette. In most cases, therefore, the chief performers in this species of spectacle, are not even dancers. This, however, may not always be the case. If Diana be the heroine, poetical probability will not be offended by the goddess joining in the chaste dance with her huntress nymphs; and were the Baiadere of Göethe made the subject of a ballet, the Indian dancing girl would naturally be the heroine, both of the drama and the poem. I know, myself, no performance more affecting than the serious pantomime of a master. In some of the most interesting situations, it is in fact even more natural than the oral drama—logically, it is more perfect. For the soliloquy is actually *thought* before us; and the magic of the representation not destroyed by the sound of the human voice, at a moment when we all know man never speaks.

The curtain again rises. Sounds of revelry and triumph are heard from the Pirate Isle. They celebrate recent success. Various groups, accurately attired in the costume of the Greek islands, are seated on the rocky foreground.

On the left rises Medora's tower, on a craggy steep; and on the right gleams the blue Ægean. A procession of women enters. It heralds the presence of Conrad and Medora: they honour the festivity of their rude subjects. The pirates and the women join in the national dance; and afterwards, eight warriors, completely armed, move in a warlike measure, keeping time to the music with their bucklers and clattering sabres. Suddenly the dance ceases; a sail is in sight. The nearest Pirates rush to the strand, and assist the disembarkation of their welcome comrades. The commander of the vessel comes forward with an agitated step, and gloomy countenance. He kneels to Conrad, and delivers him a scroll, which the chieftain reads with suppressed agitation. In a moment the faithful Juan is at his side—the contents of the scroll revealed—the dance broken up, and preparations made to sail in an hour's time to the city of the Pacha. The stage is cleared, and Conrad and Medora are alone. The mysterious leader is

wrapt in the deepest abstraction. He stands with folded arms, and eyes fixed on the yellow sand. A gentle pressure on his arm calls him back to recollection: he starts, and turns to the intruder with a gloomy brow. He sees Medora—and his frown sinks into a sad smile. "And must we part again! this hour—this very hour; it cannot be!" She clings to him with agony, and kneels to him with adoration. No hope! no hope! a quick return promised with an air of foreboding fate. His stern arm encircles her waist. He chases the heavy tear from her fair cheek, and while he bids her be glad in his absence with her handmaids, peals the sad thunder of the signal gun. She throws herself upon him. The frantic quickness of her motion strikingly contrasts with the former stupor of her appearance. She will not part. Her face is buried in his breast; her long fair hair floats over his shoulders. He is almost unnerved; but at this moment the ship sails on: the crew and their afflicted wives enter: the page brings to Lord Conrad his cloak, his car-

bine, and his bugle. He tears himself from her embrace, and without daring to look behind him, bounds over the rocks, and is in the ship. The vessel moves—the wives of the Pirates continue on the beach, waving their scarfs to their desolate husbands. In the foreground Medora, motionless, stands rooted to the strand; and might have inspired Phidias with a personification of despair.

In a hall of unparalleled splendour, stern Seyd reclines on innumerable pillows, placed on a carpet of golden cloth. His bearded Chiefs are ranged around. The rooms are brilliantly illuminated with large coloured lamps; and an opening at the further end of the apartments exhibits a portion of the shining city, and the glittering galleys. Gulnare, covered with a silver veil, which reaches even to her feet, is ushered into the presence of the Pacha. Even the haughty Seyd rises to honour his beautiful favourite. He draws the precious veil from her blushing features, and places her on his right hand. The dancing

girls now appear; and then are introduced the principal artists. Now takes place the scientific part of the ballet; and here might Bias, or Noblet, or Ronzi Vestris, or her graceful husband, or the classical Albert, or the bounding Paul, vault without stint, and attitudinize without restraint; and not the least impair the effect of the tragic tale. The Dervise, of course, appears; the galleys, of course, are fired; and Seyd, of course, retreats. A change in the scenery gives us the blazing Haram—the rescue of its inmates—the deliverance of Gulnare—the capture of Conrad.

It is the prison scene.—On a mat, covered with irons, lies the forlorn Conrad. The flitting flame of a solitary and ill-fed lamp, hardly reveals the heavy bars of the huge grate that forms the entrance to its cell. For some minutes nothing stirs. The mind of the spectator is allowed to become fully aware of the hopeless misery of the hero. His career is ended—secure is his dungeon—trusty his guards—overpowering his chains. To-morrow he wakes

to be impaled. A gentle noise, so gentle that the spectator almost deems it unintentional, is now heard. A white figure appears behind the dusky gate:—is it a guard, or a torturer? The gate softly opens, and a female comes forward. Gulnare was represented by a young girl, with the body of a Peri and the soul of a Poetess. The Haram Queen advances with an agitated step:—she holds in her left hand a lamp, and in the girdle of her light dress is a dagger. She reaches, with a soundless step, the captive. He is asleep.—Ay! he sleeps, while thousands are weeping his ravage or his ruin; and she, in restlessness is wandering here! A thousand thoughts are seen coursing over her flushed brow,—she looks to the audience, and her dark eye asks why this Corsair is so dear to her? She turns again, and raises the lamp with her long white arm, that the light may fall on the captive's countenance. She gazes, without moving, on the sleeper—touches the dagger with a slow and tremulous hand, and starts from the contact with terror. She again touches

it;—it is drawn from her vest—it falls to the ground. He wakes—he stares with wonder:—he sees a female not less fair than Medora. Confused, she tells him her station: she tells him that her pity is as certain as his doom. He avows his readiness to die;—he appears undaunted—he thinks of Medora—he buries his face in his hands. She grows pale, as he avows he loves——another. She cannot conceal her own passion. He, wondering, confesses that he supposed her love was his enemy's—was Seyd's. Gulnare shudders with horror at the name: she draws herself up to her full stature—she smiles in bitterness:—

"My love stern Seyd's!—Oh! no, no, not my love!"

The acting was perfect. The enthusiastic house burst out into unusual shouts of admiration. Madame Carolina applauded with her little finger on her fan. The Grand Duke himself gave the signal of applause. Vivian never felt before, that words were useless. His hand was violently pressed. He turned round:—it

was the Baroness. She was leaning back in her chair; and though she did her utmost to conceal her agitated countenance, a tear coursed down her cheek, big as the miserable Medora's!

CHAPTER XI.

On the evening of the Opera, arrived at Court part of the suite of the young Archduchess, the betrothed of the Crown Prince of Reisenburg. These consisted of an old grey-headed General, who had taught her Imperial Highness the manual exercise; and her tutor and confessor, an ancient and toothless Bishop. Their youthful mistress was to follow them in a few days; and this arrival of such a distinguished portion of her suite, was the signal for the commencement of a long series of sumptuous festivities. After interchanging a number of compliments, and a few snuff-boxes, the new guests were invited by his Royal Highness to attend a Review,

which was to take place the next morning, of five thousand troops, and fifty Generals.

The Reisenburg army was the best appointed in Europe. Never were men seen with breasts more plumply padded, mustachios better trained, or gaiters more spotless. The Grand Duke himself was a military genius, and had invented a new cut for the collars of the Cavalry. His Royal Highness was particularly desirous of astonishing the old grey-headed governor of his future daughter, by the skilful evolutions and imposing appearance of his legions. The affair was to be of the most refined nature; and the whole was to be concluded by a mock battle, in which the spectators were to be treated by a display of the most exquisite evolutions, and complicated movements, which human beings ever yet invented to destroy others, or to escape destruction. Field Marshal Count von Sohnspeer, the Commander-in-chief of all the Forces of his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Reisenburg, condescended, at the particular request of his sovereign, to conduct the whole affair himself.

At first it was rather difficult to distinguish between the army and the staff; for Darius, in the straits of Issus, was not more sumptuously and numerously attended, than Count von Sohnspeer. Wherever he moved, he was followed by a train of waving plumes and radiant epaulettes, and foaming chargers, and shining steel. In fact he looked like a large military comet. Had the fate of Reisenburg depended on the result of the day, the Field-Marshal, and his Generals, and Aid-de-camps, and Orderlys, could not have looked more agitated and more in earnest. Von Sohnspeer had not less than four horses in the field, on every one of which, he seemed to appear in the space of five minutes. Now he was dashing along the line of the Lancers on a black charger, and now round the column of the Cuirassiers on a white one. He exhorted the Tirailleurs on a chesnut, and added fresh courage to the ardour of the Artillery on a bay.

It was a splendid day. The bands of the respective regiments played the most triumphant tunes, as each marched on the field. The gradual arrival of the troops was very picturesque.

Distant music was heard, and a corps of Infantry soon made its appearance. A light bugle sounded, and a body of Tirailleurs issued from the shade of a neighbouring wood. The kettle-drums and clarions heralded the presence of a troop of Cavalry; and an advanced guard of Light-horse, told that the Artillery were about to follow. The arms and standards of the troops shone in the sun; military music sounded in all parts of the field; unceasing was the bellow of the martial drum, and the blast of the blood-stirring trumpet. Clouds of dust, ever and anon excited in the distance, denoted the arrival of a regiment of Cavalry. Even now, one approaches—it is the Red Lancers. How gracefully their Colonel, the young Count of Eberstein, bounds on his barb! Has Theseus turned Centaur? His spur and bridle seem rather the emblems of sovereignty, than the instruments of government: he neither chastises nor directs. The rider moves without motion, and the horse judges without guidance. It would seem that the man had borrowed the beast's body, and the beast the man's mind.

His regiment has formed upon the field, their stout lances erected like a young and leafless grove: but although now in line, it is with difficulty that they can subject the spirit of their warlike steeds. The trumpet has caught the ear of the horses; they stand with open nostrils, already breathing war, ere they can see an enemy; and now dashing up one leg, and now the other, they seem to complain of Nature, that she has made them of any thing earthly.

The troops have all arrived; there is an unusual bustle in the field Von Sohnspeer is again changing his horse, giving directions while he is mounting, to at least a dozen Aid-de-camps. Orderlys are scampering over every part of the field. Another flag, quite new, and of immense size, is unfurled by the Field Marshal's pavilion. A signal gun! the music in the whole field is hushed: a short silence of agitating suspence—another gun—and another! All the bands of all the regiments burst forth at the same moment into the national air: the Court dash into the field!

Madame Carolina, the Baroness, the Countess Von S——, and some other ladies, wore habits of the uniform of the Royal Guards. Both Madame and the Baroness were perfect horsewomen; and the excited spirits of Mr. Beckendorff's female relative, both during her ride, and her dashing run over the field, amidst the firing of cannon, and the crash of drums and trumpets, very strikingly contrasted with her agitation and depression of the preceding night.

"Your Excellency loves the tented field, I think!" said Vivian; who was at her side.

"I love war! it is a diversion fit for kings!" was the answer. "How fine the breast-plates and helmets of those Cuirassiers glisten in the sun!" continued the lady. "Do you see Von Sohnspeer? I wonder if the Crown Prince be with him?"

"I think he is."

"Indeed! ah! can he interest himself in any thing? He seemed Apathy itself at the Opera last night. I never saw him smile, or moved, and have scarcely heard his voice: but if he love war, if he be a soldier, if he be

thinking of other things than a pantomime and a ball, 'tis well!—very well for his country! Perhaps he is a hero?"

At this moment, the Crown Prince, who was of Von Sohnspeer's staff, slowly rode up to the Royal party.

"Rudolph!" said the Grand Duke; "do you head your regiment to-day?"

"No," was the muttered answer.

The Grand Duke moved his horse to his son, and spoke to him in a low tone; evidently very earnestly. Apparently he was expostulating with him: but the effect of the royal exhortation was only to render the Prince's brow more gloomy, and the expression of his withered features more sullen and more sad. The Baroness watched the father and son as they were conversing, with the most intense attention. When the Crown Prince, in violation of his father's wishes, fell into the party, and allowed his regiment to be headed by the Lieutenant-colonel, the young lady raised her lustrous eyes to heaven, with that same beautiful expression of sorrow or resignation, which had

so much interested Vivian on the morning that he had translated to her the moving passage in the Corsair.

But the field is nearly cleared, and the mimic war has commenced. On the right appears a large body of Cavalry, consisting of Cuirassiers and Dragoons. A van-guard of Light Cavalry and Lancers, under the command of the Count of Eberstein, is ordered out, from this body, to harass the enemy: a strong body of Infantry supposed to be advancing. Several squadrons of Light Horse immediately spring forward; they form themselves into line, they wheel into column, and endeavour, by well directed manœuvres, to out-flank the strong wing of the advancing enemy. After succeeding in executing all that was committed to them, and after having skirmished in the van of their own army, so as to give time for all necessary dispositions of the line of battle, the van-guard suddenly retreats between the brigades of the Cavalry of the line; the prepared battery of cannon is unmasked; and a tremendous concentric fire opened on the line of the advancing foe. Taking advantage of the

confusion created by this unexpected salute of his artillery, Von Sohnspeer, who commands the Cavalry, gives the word to "Charge!"

The whole body of Cavalry immediately charge in masses—the extended line of the enemy is as immediately broken. But the Infantry, who are commanded by one of the royal relatives and visitors, the Prince of Pike and Powdren, dexterously form into squares, and commence a masterly retreat in square battalions. At length, they take up a more favourable position than the former one. They are again galled by the Artillery, who have proportionately advanced, and again charged by the Cavalry in their huge masses. And now the squares of Infantry partially give way. They admit the Cavalry, but the exulting Horse find to their dismay, that the enemy are not routed, but that there are yet inner squares formed at salient angles. The Cavalry for a moment retire, but it is only to give opportunity to their Artillery to rake the obstinate foes. The execution of the battery is fearful. Headed by their Commander, the whole body of Cuiras-

siers and Dragoons, again charge with renewed energy and concentrated force. The Infantry are thrown into the greatest confusion, and commence a rout, increased and rendered irremediable by the Lancers and Huzzars, the former van-guard; who now, seizing on the favourable moment, again rush forward, increasing the effect of the charge of the whole army, overtaking the fugitives with their lances, and securing the prisoners.

The victorious Von Sohnspeer, followed by his staff, now galloped up to receive the congratulations of his Sovereign.

"Where are your prisoners, Field Marshal?" asked His Royal Highness, with a flattering smile.

"What is the ransom of our unfortunate guest?" asked Madame Carolina.

"I hope we shall have another affair," said the Baroness, with a flushed face and glowing eyes.

But the Commander-in-chief must not tarry to bandy compliments. He is again wanted in the field. The whole troops have formed in

line. Some most scientific evolutions are now executed. With them I will not weary the reader, nor dilate on the comparative advantages of forming en cremaillière and en echiquier; nor upon the duties of Tirailleurs, nor upon concentric fires and eccentric movements, nor upon deploying, nor upon enfilading, nor upon oblique points, nor upon échellons. The day finished by the whole of the troops again forming in line, and passing in order before the Commander-in-chief, to give him an opportunity of observing their discipline and inspecting their equipments.

The Review being finished, Count von Sohnspeer and his staff joined the royal party; and after walking their horses round the field, they proceeded to his pavilion, where refreshments were prepared for them. The Field Marshal, flattered by the interest which the young Baroness had taken in the business of the day, and the acquaintance which she evidently possessed of the more obvious details of military tactics, was inclined to be particularly courteous to her, but the object of his admiration

did not encourage attentions, by which half the ladies of the Court would have thought themselves as highly honoured as by those of the Grand Duke himself;—so powerful a person was the Field Marshal, and so little inclined by temper to cultivate the graces of the fair sex!

"In the tent keep by my side:" said the Baroness to Vivian. "Although I am fond of heroes, Von Sohnspeer is not to my taste. I know not why I flatter you so by my notice, for I suppose like all Englishmen you are not a soldier? I thought so.—Never mind! you ride well enough for a Field Marshal. I really think I could give you a commission without much stickling of my conscience.—No no! I should like you nearer me. I have a good mind to make you my Master of the Horse,—that is to say when I am entitled to have one."

As Vivian acknowledged the young Baroness' compliment by becoming emotion, and vowed that an office near her person would be the consummation of all his wishes, his eye caught the lady's: she blushed deeply, looked down upon her horse's neck, and then turned away her head.

Von Sohnspeer's pavilion excellently became the successful leader of the army of Reisenburg. Trophies taken from all sides decked its interior. The black eagle of Austria formed part of its roof, and the brazen eagle of Gaul supported part of the side. The grey-headed General looked rather grim when he saw a flag belonging to a troop, which perhaps he had himself once commanded. He vented his indignation to the toothless Bishop, who crossed his breast with his fingers, covered with diamonds, and preached temperance and moderation in inarticulate sounds.

During the collation, the conversation was principally military. Madame Carolina, who was entirely ignorant of the subject of discourse, enchanted all the officers present by appearing to be the most interested person in the tent. Nothing could exceed the elegance of her eulogium of 'petit guerre.' The old grey General talked much about 'the good old times,' by which he meant the thirty years of plunder, bloodshed, and destruction, which were occasioned by the French Revolution.

He gloated on the recollections of horror, which he feared would never occur again. The Archduke Charles and Prince Schwartzenburg were the gods of his idolatry; and Nadasti's huzzars and Wurmser's dragoons, the inferior divinities of his bloody heaven. One evolution of the morning, a discovery made by Von Sohnspeer himself, in the deploying of cavalry, created a great sensation; and it was settled that it would have been of great use to Dessaix and Clairfayt in the Netherlands affair of some eight-and-twenty years ago; and was not equalled even by Seidlitz's cavalry in the affair with the Russians at Zorndorff. In short, every 'affair' of any character during the late war, was fought over again in the tent of Field Marshal von Sohnspeer. At length from the Archduke Charles, and Prince Schwartzenburg, the old grey-headed General got to Polybius and Monsieur Folard; and the Grand Duke now thinking that the 'affair' was taking too serious a turn, broke up the party. Madame Carolina and most of the ladies used their carriages on their return. They were nearly fifteen miles from

the city; but the Baroness, in spite of the most earnest solicitations, would remount her charge. Her singularity attracted the attention of Emilius von Aslingen, who immediately joined her party. As a captain in the Royal Guards, he had performed his part in the day's horrors; and the Baroness immediately complimented him upon his exertions and his victory.

"It was an excellent affair!" said the lady; "I should like a mock battle every day during peace."

"A mock battle!" said Emilius von Aslingen, with a stare of great astonishment; "has there been a battle to-day? My memory, I fear, is failing me; but now that your Excellency has recalled it to my mind, I have a very faint recollection of a slight squabble?"

They cantered home—the Baroness in unusual spirits—Vivian thinking very much of his fair companion. Her character puzzled him. That she was not the lovely simpleton that Madame Carolina believed her to be, he had little doubt. Some people have great know-

ledge of society, and very little of mankind. Madame Carolina was one of these. She viewed her species through only one medium. That the Baroness was a woman of acute feeling, Vivian could not doubt. Her conduct at the Opera, which had escaped every one's attention, made this evident. That she had seen more of the world than her previous conversation had given him to believe, was equally clear by her conduct and conversation this morning. He determined to become more acquainted with her character. Her evident partiality to his company would not render the execution of his purpose difficult. At any rate, if he discovered nothing, it was something to do: it would at least amuse him.

In the evening he joined a large party at the palace. He looked immediately for the Baroness. She was surrounded by all the dandies, in consequence of the flattering conduct of Emilius von Aslingen in the morning. Their attentions she treated with contempt, and ridiculed their compliments without mercy. Without ob-

truding himself on her notice, Vivian joined her circle, and witnessed her demolition of the young Count of Eberstein with great amusement. Emilius von Aslingen was not there; for having now made the interesting savage the fashion, she was no longer worthy of his attention, and consequently deserted. The young lady soon observed Vivian; and saying, without the least embarrassment, that she was delighted to see him, she begged him to share her chaise-longue. Her envious levée witnessed the preference with dismay; and as the object of their attention did not now notice their remarks, even by her expressed contempt, one by one fell away. Vivian and the Baroness were left alone, and conversed together the whole evening. The lady displayed, on every subject, the most engaging ignorance; and requested information on obvious topics with the most artless naïveté. Vivian was convinced that her ignorance was not affected, and equally sure that it could not arise from imbecility of intellect; for while she surprised him by her crude questions, and

her want of acquaintance with all those topics which generally form the staple of conversation; she equally amused him with her poignant wit, and the imperious and energetic manner in which she instantly expected satisfactory information on every possible subject.

CHAPTER XII.

On the day after the Review, a fancy-dress ball was to be given at Court. It was to be an entertainment of a very peculiar nature. The lively genius of Madame Carolina, wearied of the common-place effect generally produced by this species of amusement—in which usually a stray Turk, and a wandering Pole, looked sedate and singular among crowds of Spanish girls, Swiss peasants, and gentlemen in uniforms—had invented something novel. Her idea was ingenious. To use her own sublime phrase, she determined that the party should represent "an age!" Great difficulty was experienced in fixing upon the century which was to be honoured. At first a poetical idea was started of

having something primeval— perhaps antediluvian,—but Noah, or even Father Abraham, were thought characters, hardly sufficiently romantic for a fancy-dress ball; and consequently the earliest postdiluvian ages were soon under consideration. Nimrod, or Sardanapalus, were distinguished personages, and might be well represented by the Master of the Staghounds, or the Master of the Revels; but then the want of an interesting lady-character was a great objection. Semiramis, though not without style in her own way, was not sufficiently Parisian for Madame Carolina. New ages were proposed, and new objections started; and so the 'Committee of Selection,' which consisted of Madame herself, the Countess von S—, and a few other dames of fashion, gradually slided through the four great empires. Athens was not aristocratic enough, and then the women were nothing. In spite of her admiration of the character of Aspasia, Madame Carolina somewhat doubted the possibility of persuading the ladies of the Court of Reisenburg to appear in the characters of ἑταιραι. Rome

presented great capabilities, and greater difficulties. Finding themselves, after many days sitting and study, still very far from coming to a decision, Madame called in the aid of the Grand Duke, who proposed 'something national.' The proposition was plausible: but, according to Madame Carolina, Germany, until her own time, had been only a land of barbarism and barbarians; and therefore, in such a country, in a national point of view, what could there be interesting? The middle ages, as they are usually styled, in spite of the Emperor Charlemagne—'that oasis in the desert of barbarism'—to use her own eloquent and original image—were her particular aversion. "The age of chivalry is past!" was as constant an exclamation of Madame Carolina, as it was of Mr. Burke. "The age of chivalry is past—and very fortunate that it is. What resources could they have had in the age of chivalry?—an age without either moral or experimental philosophy; an age in which they were equally ignorant of the doctrine of association of ideas, and of the doctrine of electricity; and when they were as devoid of a knowledge of the incalculable powers of the human

mind, as of the incalculable powers of steam!" Had Madame Carolina been the Consort of an Italian Grand Duke, selection would not be difficult; and, to inquire no farther, the Court of the Medicis alone would afford them every thing they wanted. But Germany never had any character, and never produced, nor had been the resort of illustrious men, and interesting persons. What was to be done? The age of Frederick the Great was the only thing; and then that was so recent, and would offend the Austrians; it could not be thought of.

At last, when the 'Committee of Selection' was almost in despair, some one proposed a period, which not only would be German—not only would compliment the House of Austria,—but, what was of still greater importance, would allow of every contemporary character of interest of every nation—the age of Charles the Fifth! The suggestion was received with enthusiastic shouts, and adopted on the spot. 'The Committee of Selection' was immediately dissolved, and its members as immediately formed themselves into a 'Committee of Arrangement.' Lists of all the persons of any fame, distinction, or

notoriety, who had lived either in the Empire of Germany, the Kingdoms of Spain, Portugal, France, or England, the Italian States, the Netherlands, the Americas, and, in short, in every country in the known world, were immediately formed. Von Chronicle, rewarded for his last historical novel by a riband and the title of Baron, was appointed Secretary to the 'Committee of Costume.' All guests who received a card of invitation, were desired, on or before a certain day, to send in the title of their adopted character, and a sketch of their intended dress, that their plans might receive the sanction of the Ladies of the 'Committee of Arrangement,' and their dresses the approbation of the Secretary of Costume. By this method, the chance and inconvenience of two persons selecting and appearing in the same character, were destroyed and prevented. After exciting the usual jealousies, intrigues, dissatisfaction, and ill-blood, by the influence and imperturbable temper of Madame Carolina, every thing was arranged—Emilius von Aslingen being the only person who set both the Committees of

Arrangement and Costume at defiance; and treated the repeated applications of their respected Secretary, with the most contemptuous silence. The indignant Baron von Chronicle entreated the strong interference of the 'Committee of Arrangement;' but Emilius von Aslingen was too powerful an individual to be treated by others as he treated them. Had the fancy-dress ball of the Sovereign been attended by all his subjects, with the exception of this Captain in his Guards, the whole affair would have been a failure; would have been dark, in spite of the glare of ten thousand lamps, and the glories of all the jewels of his State; would have been dull, although each guest were wittier than Pasquin himself; and very vulgar, although attended by lords of as many quarterings as the ancient shield of his own antediluvian house! Oh Fashion!—I have no time for invocations. All, therefore, that the ladies of the 'Committee of Arrangement' could do, was to enclose to the rebellious Von Aslingen a list of the expected characters, and a resolution passed in consequence of his contumacy;

that no person, or persons, was, or were, to appear as either or any of these characters, unless he, or they, could produce a ticket, or tickets, granted by a member of the 'Committee of Arrangement,' and countersigned by the secretary of the 'Committee of Costume.' At the same time that these vigorous measures were resolved on, no persons spoke of Emilius von Aslingen's rebellious conduct in terms of greater admiration than the ladies of the Committee themselves. If possible, he, in consequence, became even a more influential and popular personage than before; and his conduct procured him almost the adoration of persons, who, had they dared to imitate him, would have been instantly crushed; and would have been banished society principally by the exertions of the very individual whom they had the presumption to mimic. Oh Fashion!—I forgot.

In the gardens of the palace was a spacious amphitheatre, cut out in green seats for the spectators of the plays which, during the summer months, were sometimes performed there by the Court. There was a stage in the same

taste, with rows of trees for side-scenes, and a great number of arbours and summer-rooms, surrounded by lofty hedges of laurel, for the actors to retire and dress in. Connected with this 'rural Theatre,' for such was its title, were a number of labyrinths and groves, and arched walks in the same style. Above twelve large fountains were in the immediate vicinity of this theatre. At the end of one walk a sea-horse spouted its element through its nostrils; and in another, Neptune turned an Ocean out of a vase. Seated on a rock, Arcadia's half-goat god, the deity of silly sheep and silly poets, sent forth trickling streams through his rustic pipes; and in the centre of a green grove, an enamoured Salmacis, bathing in a pellucid basin, seemed watching for her Hermaphrodite.

It was in this rural Theatre, and its fanciful confines, that Madame Carolina and her councillors resolved, that their magic should, for a night, not only stop the course of time, but recall past centuries. It was certainly rather late in the year for choosing such a spot for the scene of their enchantment; but the season, as

I have often had occasion to remark in the course of these volumes, was singularly fine; and indeed at the moment of which I am speaking, the nights were as warm, and as clear from mist and dew, as they are during an Italian midsummer.

But it is eight o'clock—we are already rather late. Is that a figure by Holbein, just started out of the canvass, that I am about to meet? Stand aside! It is a page of the Emperor Charles the Fifth! The Court is on its way to the theatre. The theatre and the gardens are brilliantly illuminated. The effect of the thousands of coloured lamps, in all parts of the foliage, is very beautiful. The moon is up, and a million stars! If it be not quite as light as day, it is just light enough for pleasure. You could not perhaps endorse a bill of exchange, or engross a lawyer's parchment, by this light; but then it is just the light to read a love-letter by, and do a thousand other things besides—I have a long story to tell, and so———guess them!

All hail to the Emperor! I would give his costume, were it not rather too much in the

style of the Von Chronicles. Reader! you have seen a portrait of Charles by Holbein: very well—what need is there of a description? No lack was there in this gay scene of massy chains and curious collars, nor of cloth of gold, nor of cloth of silver! No lack was there of trembling plumes, and costly hose! No lack was there of crimson velvet, and russet velvet, and tawny velvet, and purple velvet, and plunket velvet, and of scarlet cloth, and green taffeta, and cloth of silk embroidered! No lack was there of garments of estate, and of quaint chemews, nor of short crimson cloaks, covered with pearls and precious stones. No lack was there of party-coloured splendour, of purple velvet embroidered with white, and white satin dresses embroidered with black. No lack was there of splendid koyfes of damask, or kerchiefs of fine Cyprus; nor of points of Venice silver of ducat fineness, nor of garlands of friars' knots, nor of coloured satins, nor of bleeding hearts embroidered on the bravery of dolorous lovers, nor of quaint sentences of wailing gallantry. But for the details, are they not to be found in

those much-neglected and much-plundered persons, the old chroniclers? and will they not sufficiently appear in the most inventive portion of the next great historical novel?

The Grand Duke looked the Emperor. Our friend the Grand Marshal was Francis the First; and Arnelm, and Von Neuwied, figured as the Marshal Montmorency, and the Marshal Lautrec. The old toothless Bishop did justice to Clement the Seventh; and his companion, the ancient General, looked grim as Pompeo Colonna. A prince of the House of Nassau, one of the royal visitors, represented his adventurous ancestor the Prince of Orange. Von Sohnspeer was that haughty and accomplished rebel, the Constable of Bourbon. The young Baron Gernsbach was worthy of the Seraglio, as he stalked along as Solyman the Magnificent, with all the family jewels, belonging to his old dowager mother, shining in his superb turban. Our friend the Count of Eberstein personified chivalry, in the person of Bayard. The younger Bernstorff, the intimate friend of Gernsbach, attended his sumptuous sovereign as that Turk-

ish Paul Jones, Barbarossa. An Italian Prince was Andrew Doria. The Grand Chamberlain, our francisé acquaintance, and who affected a love of literature, was the Protestant Elector of Saxony. His train consisted of the principal litterateurs of Reisenburg: the Editor of the "Attack-all-Review," who originally had been a Catholic, but who had been skilfully converted some years ago, when he thought Catholicism was on the decline, was Martin Luther,—an individual whom, both in his apostacy and brutality, he much and only resembled; on the contrary, the Editor of the "Praise-all-Review," appeared as the mild and meek Melancthon. Mr. Sievers, not yet at Vienna, was Erasmus. Ariosto, Guicciardini, Ronsard, Rabelais, Machiavel, Pietro Aretino, Garcilasso de la Vega, Sannazaro, and Paracelsus, afforded names to many nameless critics. Two Generals, brothers, appeared as Cortez and Pizarro. The noble Director of the Gallery was Albert Durer; and his deputy, Hans Holbein. The Court painter, a wretched mimic of the modern French school, did justice to the character of Corregio; and

an indifferent sculptor looked sublime as Michel Angelo.

Von Chronicle had persuaded the Prince of Pike and Powdren, one of his warmest admirers, to appear as Henry the Eighth of England. His Highness was one of those true north German patriots who think their own country a very garden of Eden, and verily believe that original sin is to be finally put an end to, in a large sandy plain between Berlin and Hanover. The Prince of Pike and Powdren passed his whole life in patriotically sighing for the concentration of all Germany into one great nation, and in secretly trusting that if ever the consummation took place, the North would be rewarded for their condescending union, by a monopoly of all the privileges of the empire. Such a character was of course extremely desirous of figuring to-night in a style peculiarly national. The persuasions of Von Chronicle, however, prevailed, and induced his Highness of Pike and Powdren to dismiss his idea of appearing as the ancient Arminius; although it was with

great regret that the Prince gave up his plan of personating his favourite hero, with hair down to his middle and skins up to his chin. Nothing would content Von Chronicle, but that his kind patron should represent a crowned head: any thing else was beneath him. The patriotism of the Prince disappeared before the flattery of the novelist, like the bloom of a plum before the breath of a boy, when he polishes the powdered fruit ere he devours it. No sooner had his Highness agreed to be changed into bluff Harry, than the secret purpose of his adviser was immediately detected. No Court confessor, seduced by the vision of a red hat, ever betrayed the secrets of his sovereign with greater fervour, than did Von Chronicle labour for the Cardinal's costume, which was the consequence of the Prince of Pike and Powdren undertaking the English monarch. To-night, proud as was the part of the Prince as regal Harry, his strut was a shamble compared with the imperious stalk of Von Chronicle as the arrogant and ambitious Wolsey. The Cardi-

nal in Rienzi was nothing to him; for to-night Wolsey had as many pages, as the other had petticoats!

But, most ungallant of scribblers! Place aux dames! Surely Madame Carolina, as the beautiful and accomplished Margaret of Navarre, might well command, even without a mandate, your homage and your admiration! The lovely Queen seemed the very Goddess of smiles and repartee: young Max, as her page, carried at her side a painted volume of her own poetry. The arm of the favourite sister of Francis, who it will be remembered once fascinated even the Emperor, was linked in that of Cæsar's natural daughter—her beautiful namesake, the bright-eyed Margaret of Austria. Conversing with these royal dames, and indeed apparently in attendance upon them, was a young gallant of very courtly bearing, and attired in a very fantastic dress. It is Clement Marot, the 'Poet of Princes, and the Prince of Poets,' as he was styled by his own admiring age: he offers to the critical inspection of the nimble-witted Navarre a few lines in celebration of her beauty,

and the night's festivity; one of those short Marotique poems once so celebrated—perhaps a page culled from those gay and airy psalms, which, with characteristic gallantry, he dedicated 'to the Dames of France!' Observe well the fashionable bard! Marot was a true poet, and in his day not merely read by queens, and honoured by courtiers: observe him, I say, well; for the character is supported by one who is a great favourite with myself, and I trust also with you, sweet reader,—our Vivian Grey. It was with great difficulty that Madame Carolina had found a character for her favourite, for the lists were all filled before his arrival at Reisenburg. She at first wished him to appear as some celebrated Englishman of the time, but no character of sufficient importance could be discovered. All our countrymen in contact or connexion with the Emperor Charles were churchmen and civilians; and Sir Nicholas Carew and the other fops of the reign of Henry the Eighth, who, after their visit to Paris, were even more ridiculously francisé than the Grand Chamberlain of Reisenburg himself,

were not, after mature deliberation, considered entitled to the honour of being ranked in Madame Carolina's age of Charles the Fifth.

But who is this, surrounded by her ladies and her chamberlains and her secretaries? Four pages in dresses of cloth of gold, and each the son of a prince of the French blood, support her train; a crown encircles locks, grey, as much from thought as from time; but which require no show of royalty to prove that they belong to a mother of princes: — that ample forehead, aquiline nose, and the keen glance of her piercing eye, denote the Queen, as much as the regality of her gait and her numerous and splendid train. The young Queen of Navarre hastens to proffer her duty to the mother of Francis, the celebrated Louise of Savoy; and exquisitely did the young and lovely Countess of S—— personate the most celebrated of female diplomatists.

I have forgotten one character: the repeated commands of his father, and the constant entreaties of Madame Carolina, had at length prevailed upon the Crown Prince to shuffle himself

into a fancy dress. No sooner had he gratified them by his hard-wrung consent, than Baron von Chronicle called upon him with drawings of the costume of the Prince of Asturias, afterwards Philip the Second of Spain. If I for a moment forgot so important a personage as the future Grand Duke, it must have been because he supported his character so ably, that no one for an instant believed that it was an assumed one:—standing near the side scenes of the amphitheatre, with his gloomy brow, sad eye, protruding under lip, and arms hanging straight by his sides—he looked a bigot without hope, and a tyrant without purpose.

The first hour is over, and the guests are all assembled. As yet, they content themselves with promenading round the amphitheatre; for before they can think of dance or stroll, each of them must be duly acquainted with the other's dress. Certainly it was a most splendid scene. The Queen of Navarre has now been presented to the Emperor; and leaning on his arm, they head the promenade. The Emperor had given the hand of Margaret of Austria to his legiti-

mate son; but the Crown Prince, though he continued in silence by the side of the young Baroness, soon resigned a hand which did not struggle to retain his. Clement Marot was about to fall back into a less conspicuous part of the procession; but the Grand Duke, witnessing the regret of his loved Consort, condescendingly said, "We cannot afford to lose our poet;" and so Vivian found himself walking behind Madame Carolina, and on the left side of the young Baroness. Louise of Savoy followed with her son, the King of France; most of the ladies of the Court, and a crowd of officers, among them Montmorency and De Lautrec, after their Majesties. The King of England moves by; his state unnoticed in the superior magnificence of Wolsey. Pompeo Colonna apologizes to Pope Clement for having besieged his Holiness in the Castle of St. Angelo. The Elector of Saxony and the Prince of Orange follow. Solyman the Magnificent is attended by his Admiral; and Bayard's pure spirit almost quivers at the whispered treason of the Constable of Bourbon.

Luther and Melancthon, Erasmus and Rabelais, Cortez and Pizarro, Corregio and Michel Angelo, and a long train of dames and dons of all nations, succeed;—so long that the amphitheatre cannot hold them;—and the procession, that all may walk over the stage, makes a short progress through an adjoining summer-room.

Just as the Emperor and the fair Queen are in the middle of the stage, a wounded warrior, with a face pale as an eclipsed moon; a helmet, on which is painted the sign of his sacred order; a black mantle thrown over his left shoulder, but not concealing his armour; a sword in his right hand, and an outstretched crucifix in his left;—rushes on the scene. The procession suddenly halts—all recognize Emilius von Aslingen! and Madame Carolina blushes through her rouge, when she perceives that so celebrated, "so interesting a character" as Ignatius Loyola, the Founder of the Jesuits, has not been included in the all-comprehensive lists of her committee.

CHAPTER XIII.

Henry of England led the polonnaise with Louise of Savoy; Margaret of Austria would not join in it: waltzing quickly followed. The Emperor seldom left the side of the Queen of Navarre, and often conversed with her Majesty's poet. The Prince of Asturias hovered for a moment round his father's daughter, as if he were summoning resolution to ask her to waltz. Once indeed, he opened his mouth. Could it have been to speak? but the young Margaret gave no encouragement to this unusual exertion; and Philip of Asturias looking, if possible, more sad and sombre than before, skulked away. The Crown Prince left the gardens, and now a smile lit up every

face, except that of the young Baroness. The gracious Grand Duke, unwilling to see a gloomy countenance any where to-night, turned to Vivian, who was speaking to Madame Carolina, and said, "Gentle poet, would that thou hadst some chanson or courtly compliment, to chase the cloud which hovers on the brow of our much-loved daughter of Austria! Your popularity, Sir," continued the Grand Duke, dropping his mock heroic vein, and speaking in a much lower tone; "your popularity, Sir, among the ladies of the Court, cannot be increased by any panegyric of ours; nor are we insensible, believe us, to the assiduity and skill with which you have complied with our wishes, in making our Court agreeable to the relative of a man, to whom we owe so much as Mr. Beckendorff. We are informed, Mr. Grey," continued his Royal Highness, "that you have no intention of very speedily returning to your country; we wish that we could count you among our peculiar attendants. If you have an objection to live in our palace, without performing your quota of duty to the

State, we shall have no difficulty in finding you an office, and clothing you in our official costume. Think of this!" So saying, with a gracious smile, his Royal Highness, leading Madame Carolina, commenced a walk round the gardens.

The young Baroness did not follow them. Solyman the Magnificent, and Bayard the irreproachable, and Barbarossa the pirate, and Bourbon the rebel, immediately surrounded her. Few persons were higher ton than the Turkish Emperor and his Admiral—few persons talked more agreeable nonsense than the Knight, sans peur et sans reproche—no person was more important than the warlike Constable; but their attention, their amusement, and their homage, were to-night thrown away on the object of their observance. The Baroness listened to them without interest, and answered them with brevity. She did not even condescend, as she had done before, to enter into a war of words, to mortify their vanity or exercise their wit. She treated them neither with contempt nor courtesy. If no smile welcomed their re-

marks, at least her silence was not scornful, and the most shallow-headed prater that fluttered around her, felt that he was received with dignity and not with disdain. Awed by her conduct, not one of them dared to be flippant, and every one of them soon became dull. The ornaments of the Court of Reisenburg, the arbiters of ton and the lords of taste, stared with astonishment at each other, when they found, to their mutual surprise, that at one moment, in such a select party, universal silence pervaded. In this state of affairs, every one felt that his dignity required his speedy disappearance from the lady's presence. The Orientals, taking advantage of Bourbon's returning once more to the charge, with an often unanswered remark, coolly walked away: the Chevalier made an adroit and honourable retreat, by joining a passing party; and the Constable was the only one, who, being left in solitude and silence, was finally obliged to make a formal bow, and retire discomfited, from the side of the only woman with whom he had ever condescended to fall in love. Leaning against

the trunk of a tree at some little distance, Vivian Grey watched the formation and dissolution of the young Baroness's levée, with the liveliest interest. His eyes met the lady's, as she raised them from the ground, on Von Sohnspeer quitting her. She immediately beckoned to Vivian, but without her usual smile. He was directly at her side, but she did not speak. At last he said, "I think this is a most brilliant scene!"

"You think so—do you?" answered the lady, in a tone and manner which almost made Vivian believe for a moment, that his friend Mr. Beckendorff was at his side.

"Decidedly his daughter!" thought he.

"You do not seem in your usual spirits to-night?" said Vivian.

"I hardly know what my usual spirits are," said the lady; in a manner which would have made Vivian imagine that his presence was as disagreeable to her as that of Count von Sohnspeer, had not the lady herself invited his company.

"I suppose the scene is very brilliant," con-

tinued the Baroness, after a few moments' silence. "At least all here seem to think so,—except two persons."

"And who are they?" asked Vivian.

"Myself, and——the Crown Prince. I am almost sorry that I did not dance with him. There seems a wonderful similarity in our dispositions."

"You are pleased to be severe to-night!"

"And who shall complain when the first person that I satirize is myself?"

"It is most considerate in you," said Vivian, "to undertake such an office; for it is one which you, yourself, are alone capable of fulfilling. The only person that can ever satirize your Excellency is yourself; and I think even then, that in spite of your candour, your self-examination must please us with a self-panegyric."

"Nay, a truce to compliments: at least, let me hear better things from you. I cannot any longer endure the glare of these lamps and dresses; your arm! Let us walk for a few minutes in the more retired and cooler parts of the gardens."

The Baroness and Vivian left the amphitheatre, by a different path to that by which the Grand Duke and Madame Carolina had quitted it. They found the walks quite solitary; for the royal party, which was very small, contained the only persons who had yet left the stage.

Vivian and his companion strolled about for some time, conversing on subjects of casual interest. The Baroness, though no longer absent, either in her manner or her conversation, was not in her accustomed spirits; and Vivian, while he flattered himself that he was more entertaining than usual, felt, to his mortification, that the lady was not entertained.

"I am afraid you find it very dull here," said he; "shall we return?"

"Oh, no; do not let us return! We have so short a time to be together, that we must not allow even one hour to be dull."

As Vivian was about to reply, he heard the joyous voice of young Maximilian; it sounded very near; the royal party was approaching. The Baroness expressed her earnest desire to avoid it; and as to advance or to retreat, in

these labyrinthine walks, was almost equally hazardous, they retired into one of those green recesses which I have before mentioned; indeed, it was the very evergreen grove, in the centre of which the Nymph of the Fountain watched for her loved Carian youth. A shower of moonlight fell on the marble statue, and showed the Nymph in an attitude of consummate skill: her modesty struggling with her desire, and herself crouching in her hitherto pure waters, while her anxious ear listens for the bounding step of the regardless huntsman.

"The air is cooler here," said the Baroness, "or the sound of the falling water is peculiarly refreshing to my senses. They have passed; I rejoice that we did not return; I do not think that I could have remained among those lamps another moment. How singular, actually to view with aversion a scene which appears to enchant all!"

"A scene which I should have thought would have been particularly charming to you," said Vivian; "you are dispirited to-night?"

"Am I?" said the Baroness. "I ought not

to be; not to be more dispirited than I ever am. To-night I expected pleasure; nothing has happened which I did not expect, and every thing which I did. And yet I am sad! Do you think that happiness can ever be sad? I think it must be so. But whether I am sorrowful, or happy, I can hardly tell; for it is only within these few days that I have known either grief or joy."

"It must be counted an eventful period in your existence, which reckons in its brief hours a first acquaintance with such passions?" said Vivian, with a searching eye and inquiring voice.

"Yes; an eventful period—certainly an eventful period," answered the Baroness; with a thoughtful air and in measured words.

"I cannot bear to see a cloud upon that brow!" said Vivian. "Have you forgotten how much was to be done to-night? How eagerly you looked forward to its arrival? How bitterly we were to regret the termination of the mimic empire?"

"I have forgotten nothing; would that I

had! I will not look grave. I will be gay; and yet when I remember how soon other mockery, besides this splendid pageant, must be terminated, why should I look gay?—why may I not weep?"

"Nay, if we are to moralize on worldly felicity, I fear, that instead of inspiriting you, which is my wish, I shall prove but a too congenial companion; but such a theme is not for you."

"And why should it be for one, who though he lecture me with such gravity and gracefulness, can scarcely be entitled to play the part of Mentor by the weight of years?" said the Baroness, with a smile; "for one, who, I trust—who, I should think, as little deserved, and was as little inured to sorrow as myself!"

"To find that you have cause to grieve," said Vivian; "and to learn from you, at the same time, your opinion of my own lot, prove what I have too often had the sad opportunity of observing; that the face of man is scarcely more genuine and less deceitful, than these masquerade dresses which we now wear."

"But you are not unhappy?" asked the Baroness with a quick voice.

"Not now," said Vivian.

His companion seated herself on the marble balustrade which surrounded the fountain: she did not immediately speak again, and Vivian was silent, for he was watching her motionless countenance as her large brilliant eyes gazed with earnestness on the falling water sparkling in the moonlight. Surely it was not the mysterious portrait at Beckendorff's that he beheld! How came he not to remark this likeness before!

She turned—she seized his hand—she pressed it with warmth.

"Oh friend! too lately found; why have we met to part!"

"To part, dearest!" said he, in a low and rapid voice; "to part! and why should we part?—why—"

"Oh! ask not, ask not; your question is agony!" She tried to withdraw her hand, he pressed it with renewed energy, it remained in

his,—she turned away her head, and both were silent.

"Oh! lady," said Vivian, as he knelt at her side; "why are we not happy?"

His arm is round her waist—gently he bends his head—their speaking eyes meet, and their trembling lips cling into a kiss!

A seal of love and purity and faith!—and the chaste moon need not have blushed as she lit up the countenances of the lovers.

"Oh! lady, why are we not happy?"

"We are, we are: is not this happiness—is not this joy—is not this bliss? Bliss," she continued, in a low broken voice, "to which I have no right, no title. Oh! quit, quit my hand! Happiness is not for me!" She extricated herself from his arm, and sprang upon her feet. Alarm, rather than affection, was visible on her agitated features. It seemed to cost her a great effort to collect her scattered senses; the effort was made with pain, but with success.

"Forgive me, forgive me," she said, in a hurried and indistinct tone; "forgive me! I

would speak, but cannot,—not now at least; we have been long away, too long; our absence will be remarked to-night; to-night we must give up to the gratification of others, but I will speak. For your's, for my own sake, let us—let us go. You know that we are to be very gay to-night, and gay we will be. Who shall prevent us? At least the present hour is our own; and when the future ones must be so sad, why, why trifle with this?"

CHAPTER XIV.

The reader is not to suppose that Vivian Grey thought of the young Baroness, merely in the rapid scenes which I have sketched. There were few moments in the day in which her image did not occupy his thoughts, and which indeed, he did not spend in her presence. From the first, her character had interested him. His accidental but extraordinary acquaintance with Beckendorff, made him view any individual connected with that singular man, with a far more curious feeling than could influence the young nobles of the Court, who were ignorant of the Minister's personal character. There was an evident mystery about the character and situation of the Baroness, which well accorded with the eccentric and romantic career of the Prime

Minister of Reisenburg. Of the precise nature of her connexion with Beckendorff, Vivian was wholly ignorant. The world spoke of her as his daughter, and the affirmation of Madame Carolina confirmed the world's report. Her name was still unknown to him; and although, during the few moments that they had enjoyed an opportunity of conversing together alone, Vivian had made every exertion, of which good breeding, impelled by curiosity, is capable, and had devised many little artifices, with which a schooled address is well acquainted, to obtain it, his exertions had hitherto been perfectly unsuccessful. If there were a mystery, the young lady was perfectly competent to preserve it; and with all her naïveté, her interesting ignorance of the world, and her evidently uncontrollable spirit, no hasty word ever fell from her cautious lips, which threw any light on the objects of his inquiry. Though impetuous, she was never indiscreet, and often displayed a caution which was little in accordance with her youth and temper. The last night had witnessed the only moment in which her

passions seemed for a time to have struggled with, and to have overcome, her judgment; but it was only for a moment. That display of overpowering feeling had cost Vivian a sleepless night; and he is at this instant pacing up and down the chamber of his hotel, thinking of that which he had imagined could exercise his thought no more.

She was beautiful—she loved him;—she was unhappy! To be loved by any woman is flattering to the feelings of every man, no matter how deeply he may have quaffed the bitter goblet of worldly knowledge. The praise of a fool is incense to the wisest of us; and though we believe ourselves broken-hearted, it still delights us to find that we are loved. The memory of Violet Fane was still as fresh, as sweet, to the mind of Vivian Grey, as when he pressed her blushing cheek, for the first and only time. To love again—really to love as he had done—he once thought was impossible; he thought so still. The character of the Baroness, as I have said, had interested him from the first. Her ignorance of mankind, and her perfect acquaintance

with the most polished forms of society; her extreme beauty, her mysterious rank, her proud spirit and impetuous feelings; her occasional pensiveness, her extreme waywardness, — had astonished, perplexed, and enchanted him. But he had never felt in love. It never, for a moment, had entered into his mind, that his lonely bosom could again be a fit resting-place, for one so lovely, and so young. Scared at the misery which had always followed in his track, he would have shuddered ere he again asked a human being to share his sad and blighted fortunes. The partiality of the Baroness for his society, without flattering his vanity, or giving rise to thoughts more serious than how he could most completely enchant for her the passing hour, had certainly made the time passed in her presence, the least gloomy which he had lately experienced. At the same moment that he left the saloon of the palace, he had supposed that his image quitted her remembrance; and if she had again welcomed him with cheerfulness and cordiality, he had felt that his reception was owing to not being, perhaps, quite as frivolous as the

Count of Eberstein, and being rather more amusing than the Baron of Gernsbach.

It was therefore with the greatest astonishment that, last night, he had found that he was loved—loved too, by this beautiful and haughty girl, who had treated the advances of the most distinguished nobles with ill-concealed scorn; and who had so presumed upon her dubious relationship to the bourgeois Minister, that nothing but her own surpassing loveliness, and her parent's all-engrossing influence, could have excused or authorised her conduct.

Vivian had yielded to the magic of the moment, and had returned the love, apparently no sooner proffered than withdrawn. Had he left the gardens of the palace the Baroness's plighted lover, he might perhaps have deplored his rash engagement; and the sacred image of his first, and hallowed love, might have risen up in judgment against his violated affection—but how had he, and the interesting stranger parted? He was rejected, even while his affection was returned; and while her flattering voice told him that he alone could make her happy, she had

mournfully declared that happiness could not be hers. How was this? Could she be another's? Her agitation at the Opera, often the object of his thought, quickly occurred to him. It must be so. Ah! another's! and who this rival?—this proud possessor of a heart which could not beat for him! Madame Carolina's declaration that the Baroness must be married off, was at this moment remembered: her marked observation, that Von Sohnspeer was no son of Beckendorff's, not forgotten. The Field Marshal too was the valued friend of the Minister; and it did not fail to occur to Vivian that it was not Von Sohnspeer's fault, that his attendance on the Baroness was not as constant as his own. Indeed, the unusual gallantry of the Commander-in-chief had been the subject of many a joke among the young lords of the Court; and the reception of his addresses by their unmerciful object, not unobserved or unspared. But as for poor Von Sohnspeer, what could be expected, as Emilius von Aslingen observed, "from a man whose softest compliment was as long, loud, and obscure, as a birth-day salute!"

No sooner was the affair clear to Vivian—no sooner was he convinced that a powerful obstacle existed to the love or union of himself and the Baroness, than he began to ask, what right the interests of third persons had to interfere between the mutual affection of any individuals. He thought of her in the moonlit garden, struggling with her pure and natural passion. He thought of her exceeding beauty—her exceeding love. He beheld this rare and lovely creature in the embrace of Von Sohnspeer. He turned from the picture in disgust and indignation. She was his—Nature had decreed it. She should be the bride of no other man. Sooner than yield her up, he would beard Beckendorff himself in his own retreat, and run every hazard, and meet every danger, which the ardent imagination of a lover could conceive. Was he madly to reject the happiness which Providence or Destiny, or Chance had at length offered him? If the romance of boyhood could never be realized, at least with this engaging being for his companion, he might pass through his remaining years in calmness and in peace. His

trials were perhaps over. Alas! this is the last delusion of unhappy men!

Vivian called at the palace, but the fatigues of the preceding night prevented either of the ladies from being visible. In the evening, he joined a very small and select circle. The party indeed, only consisted of the Grand Duke, Madame, their visitors, and the usual attendants, himself, and Von Sohnspeer. The quiet of the little circle did not more strikingly contrast with the noise, and glare, and splendour of the last night, than did Vivian's subdued reception by the Baroness, with her agitated demeanour in the garden. She was cordial, but calm. He found it quite impossible to gain even one moment's private conversation with her. Madame Carolina monopolized his attention, as much to favour the views of the Field Marshal, as to discuss the comparative merits of Pope, as a moralist and a poet; and Vivian had the mortification of observing his odious rival, whom he now thoroughly detested, discharge, without ceasing, his royal salutes in the impatient ear of Beckendorff's lovely daughter.

Towards the conclusion of the evening, a Chamberlain entered the room, and whispered his mission to the Baroness. She immediately rose, and quitted the apartment. As the party was breaking up, she again entered. Her countenance was very agitated. Madame Carolina was being overwhelmed with the compliments of the Grand Marshal, and Vivian seized the opportunity of reaching the Baroness. After a few very hurried sentences she dropped her glove. Vivian gave it her. So many persons were round them, that it was impossible to converse except on the most common topics. The glove was again dropped.

"I see," said the Baroness, with a very meaning look, "that you are but a recreant knight, or else you would not part with a lady's glove so easily."

Vivian gave a rapid glance round the room. No one was observing him, and the glove was immediately in his pocket. He hurried home, rushed up the staircase of the hotel, ordered lights, locked the door, and with a sensation of indescribable anxiety, tore the precious glove

out of his pocket; seized, opened, and read the enclosed, and following note. It was written in pencil, in a very hurried hand, and some of the words were repeated.

"I leave the Court to-night. He is here himself. No art can postpone my departure. Much, much, I wish to see you; to say—to say—to you. He is to have an interview with the Grand Duke to-morrow morning. Dare you come to his place in his absence? You know the private road. He goes by the high-road, and calls in his way on a Forest Councillor: I forget his name, but it is the white house by the barrier; you know it? Watch him to-morrow morning; about nine or ten I should think—here, here;—and then for heaven's sake let me see you. Dare every thing! Fail not, fail not! Mind, by the private road—by the private road:—beware the other! You know the ground. God bless you!

SYBILLA."

CHAPTER XV.

Vivian read the note over a thousand times. He could not retire to rest. He called Essper George, and gave him all necessary directions for the morning. About three o'clock Vivian lay down on a sofa, and slept for a few hours. He started often, in his short and feverish slumber. His dreams were unceasing and inexplicable. At first Von Sohnspeer was their natural hero; but soon the scene shifted. Vivian was at Ems—walking under the well-remembered lime trees, and with the Baroness. Suddenly, although it was mid-day, the Sun became very large, blood-red, and fell out of the heavens—his companion screamed—a man rushed forward with a drawn sword. It was the idiot

Crown Prince of Reisenburg. Vivian tried to oppose him, but without success. The infuriate ruffian sheathed his weapon in the heart of the Baroness. Vivian shrieked, and fell upon her body—and to his horror, found himself embracing the cold corpse of Violet Fane!

Vivian and Essper mounted their horses about seven o'clock. At eight, they had reached a small inn near the Forest Councillor's house, where Vivian was to remain until Essper had watched the entrance of the Minister. It was a very few minutes past nine, when Essper returned, with the joyful intelligence that Owlface and his master had been seen to enter the court-yard. Vivian immediately mounted Max, and telling Essper to keep a sharp watch, he set spurs to his horse.

"Now, Max, my good steed, each minute is golden—serve thy master well!" He patted the horse's neck—the animal's erected ears proved how well it understood its master's wishes; and taking advantage of the loose bridle, which was confidently allowed it, the horse sprang, rather than galloped to the Minister's residence. Nearly an hour, however, was lost in gaining the pri-

vate road, for Vivian, after the caution in the Baroness's letter, did not dare the high road.

He is galloping up the winding rural lane, where he met Beckendorff on the second morning of his visit. He has reached the little gate, and following the example of the Grand Duke, ties Max at the entrance. He dashes over the meadows, not following the path, but crossing straight through the long and dewy grass—he leaps over the light iron railing; he is rushing up the walk; he takes a rapid glance in passing, at the little summer house—the blue passion flower is still blooming—the house is in sight; a white handkerchief is waving from the drawing-room window! He sees it; fresh wings are added to his course; he dashes through a bed of flowers, frightens the white peacock, darts through the library-window, is in the drawing-room!

The Baroness was there: pale and agitated she stood beneath the mysterious picture, with one arm leaning on the old carved mantel-piece. Overcome by her emotions, she did not move forward to meet him as he entered: but

Vivian observed neither her constraint, nor her agitation.

"Sybilla! dearest Sybilla! say you are mine!"

He caught her in his arms. She struggled not to disengage herself; but as he dropped upon one knee, she suffered him gently to draw her down upon the other. Her head sank upon her arm, which rested upon his shoulder. Overpowered, she sobbed convulsively. He endeavoured to calm her, but her agitation increased; and many, many minutes elapsed, ere she seemed to be even sensible of his presence. At length she became more calm, and apparently making a struggle to compose herself, she raised her head.

"Are you better, dearest?" asked Vivian, with a voice of the greatest anxiety.

"Much! much! quite, quite well! Let us walk for a moment about the room!"

As Vivian was just raising her from his knee, he was suddenly seized by the throat with a strong grasp. He turned round—it was Mr. Beckendorff, with a face deadly white, his full

eyes darting from their sockets like a hungry snake's, and the famous Italian dagger in his right hand.

"Villain!" said he, in the low voice of fatal passion. "Villain! is this your Destiny?"

Vivian's first thoughts were for the Baroness; and turning his head from Beckendorff, he looked with the eye of anxious love to his companion. But, instead of fainting, instead of being overwhelmed by this terrible interruption, she seemed, on the contrary, to have suddenly regained her natural spirit and self-possession. The blood had returned to her hitherto pale cheek, and the fire to an eye before dull with weeping. She extricated herself immediately from Vivian's encircling arm; and by so doing, enabled him to spring upon his legs, and to have struggled, if it had been necessary, more equally with the powerful grasp of his assailant.

"Stand off, Sir!" said the Baroness, with an air of inexpressible dignity, and a voice which even at this crisis seemed to anticipate

that it would be obeyed. "Stand off, Sir! stand off, I command you!"

Beckendorff, for one moment, was motionless: he then gave her a look of the most piercing earnestness, threw Vivian, rather than released him, from his hold, and flung the dagger, with a bitter smile, into the corner of the room. "Well, madam!" said he, in a choking voice, "you are obeyed!"

"Mr. Grey," continued the Baroness, "I regret that this outrage should have been experienced by you, because you have dared to serve me. My presence should have preserved you from this contumely; but what are we to expect from those who pride themselves upon being the sons of slaves! You shall hear further from me." So saying, the lady bowing to Vivian, and sweeping by the Minister, with a a glance of indescribable disdain, quitted the apartment. As she was on the point of leaving the room, Vivian was standing against the wall, with a pale face and folded arms,—Beckendorff with his back to the window, his eyes fixed on

the ground—and Vivian to his astonishment perceived, what escaped the Minister's notice, that while the lady bade him adieu with one hand, she made rapid signs with the other to some unknown person in the garden.

Mr. Beckendorff and Vivian were left alone, and the latter was the first to break silence.

"Mr. Beckendorff," said he, in a calm voice, "considering the circumstances under which you have found me in your house this morning, I should have known how to excuse, and to forget, any irritable expressions which a moment of ungovernable passion might have inspired. I should have passed them over unnoticed. But your unjustifiable behaviour has exceeded that line of demarcation, which sympathy with human feelings allows even men of honour to recognize. You have disgraced both me, and yourself, by giving me a blow. It is, as that lady well styled it, an outrage—an outrage which the blood of any other man but yourself could only obliterate from my memory; but while I am inclined to be indulgent to your ex-

alted station, and your peculiar character, I at the same time expect, and now wait for an apology."

"An apology!" said Beckendorff, now beginning to stamp up and down the room; "An apology! Shall it be made to you, Sir, or the Archduchess?"

"The Archduchess!" said Vivian; "Good God!—what can you mean! Did I hear you right?"

"I said, the Archduchess," answered Beckendorff with firmness; "a Princess of the House of Austria, and the pledged wife of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Reisenburg. Perhaps you may now think that other persons have to apologize?"

"Mr. Beckendorff," said Vivian, "I am overwhelmed; I declare, upon my honour——"

"Stop, Sir!—you have said too much already——"

"But, Mr. Beckendorff, surely you will allow me to explain——"

"Sir! there is no need of explanation. I

know every thing—more than you do yourself. You can have nothing to explain to me; and I presume you are now fully aware of the impossibility of again speaking to her. It is at present within an hour of noon. Before sunset, you must be twenty miles from the Court—so far you will be attended. Do not answer me—you know my power. A remònstrance only, and I write to Vienna: your progress shall be stopped throughout the South of Europe. For her sake, this business will be hushed up. An important and secret mission will be the accredited reason of your leaving Reisenburg. This will be confirmed by your official attendant, who will be an Envoy's Courier—farewell!"

As Mr. Beckendorff quitted the room, his confidential servant, the messenger to Turriparva, entered; and with the most respectful bow, informed Vivian that the horses were ready. In about three hours time, Vivian Grey, followed by the Government messenger, stopped at his hotel. The landlord, and waiters, bowed with increased obsequiousness, on seeing him so

attended; and in a few minutes, Reisenburg was ringing with the news, that his appointment to the Under-secretaryship of state, was now 'a settled thing.'

VIVIAN GREY.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE landlord of the Grand Hotel of the Four Nations at Reisenburg, was somewhat consoled for the sudden departure of his distinguished customer, by selling the Plenipotentiary a travelling carriage, lately taken for a doubtful bill from a gambling Russian General, at one hundred per cent. profit. In this convenient vehicle, in the course of a couple of hours after his arrival in the city, was Mr. Vivian Grey borne through the gate of the Allies. Essper George, who had reached the hotel about half an hour after his master, followed behind the

carriage on his hack, leading Max. The Courier cleared the road before, and expedited the arrival of the special Envoy of the Grand Duke of Reisenburg at the point of his destination, by ordering the horses, clearing the barriers, and paying the postilions in advance. Vivian had never travelled before with such style and speed.

Our hero covered himself up with his cloak, and drew his travelling cap over his eyes, though it was one of the hottest days of this singularly hot autumn; but the very light of heaven was hateful to him. Perfectly overwhelmed with this last crushing misfortune, he was unable even to moralize:—to reflect, or to regret, or even to remember. Entranced in a reverie, the only figure that occurred to his mind was the young Archduchess, and the only sounds that dwelt on his ear, were the words of Beckendorff:—but neither to the person of the first, nor to the voice of the second, did he annex any definite idea.

After nearly three hours travelling, which to Vivian seemed both an age and a minute, he

was roused from his stupor by the door of his calèche being opened. He shook himself as a man does, who has wakened from a benumbing and heavy sleep, although his eyes were the whole time wide open. The disturbing intruder was his courier; who bowing, with his hat in hand, informed his Excellency that he was now twenty miles from Reisenburg, and that the last postilions had done their duty so exceedingly well, that he trusted his Excellency would instruct his servant to give them double the tariff. Here he regretted that he was under the necessity of quitting his Excellency, and he begged to present his Excellency with his passport. "It is made out for Vienna," continued the messenger. "A private pass, Sir, of the Prime Minister, and will entitle you to the greatest consideration." The messenger receiving a low bow for his answer and reward, took his leave.

The carriage was soon again advancing rapidly to the next post-house; when, after they had proceeded about half a mile, Essper George, calling loudly from behind, the drivers sudden-

ly stopped. Just as Vivian, to whose tortured mind the rapid movement of the carriage was some relief—for it produced an excitement which prevented thought—was about to inquire the cause of this stoppage, Essper George rode up to the calèche.

"Kind Sir!" said he, with a very peculiar look, "I have a packet for you."

"A packet! from whom? speak! give it me!"

"Hush! hush! hush! softly, softly, good master. Here am I about to commit rank treason for your sake; and a hasty word is the only reward of my rashness."

"Nay, nay, good Essper try me not now!"

"I will not, I will not, kind Sir; but the truth is, I could not give you the packet while that double-faced knave was with us, or even while he was in sight. 'In good truth,' as Master Rodolph was wont to say ah! when shall I see his Sleekness again!"

"But of this packet?"

"'Fair and softly, fair and softly,' good Sir! as Hunsdrich the porter said, when I would

have drank the mulled wine, while he was on the cold staircase——"

"Essper! do you mean to enrage me?"

"'By St. Hubert!' as that worthy gentleman, the Grand Marshal, was in the habit of swearing, I——"

"This is too much,—what are the idle sayings of these people to me?"

"Nay, nay, kind Sir, they do but show that each of us has his own way of telling a story; and that he who would hear a tale, must let the teller's breath come out of his own nostrils."

"Well, Essper, speak on! Stranger things have happened to me than to be reproved by my own servant."

"Nay, nay, my kind master, say not a bitter word to me, because you have slipped out of a scrape with your head on your shoulders. The packet is from Mr. Beckendorff's daughter."

"Ah! why did not you give it to me before?"

"Why do I give it you now? Because I'm a fool—that's why. What! you wanted it when that double-faced scoundrel was watching every

eyelash of yours, as it moved from the breath of a fly?—a fellow who can see as well at the back of his head, as from his face. I should like to poke out his front eyes, to put him on an equality with the rest of mankind. He it was, who let the old gentleman know of your visit this morning, and I shrewdly suspect that he has been nearer your limbs of late than you have imagined. Every dog has his day, and the oldest pig must look for his knife! The Devil was once cheated on Sunday, and I have been too sharp for Puss in boots and his mouse-trap! Prowling about the Forest Councillor's house, I saw your new servant, Sir, gallop in, and his old master soon gallop out; I was off as quick as they, but was obliged to leave my horse within two miles of the house, and then trust to my legs. I crept through the shrubs like a land tortoise; but, of course, too late to warn you. However, I was in for the death, and making signs to the young lady, who directly saw that I was a friend,—bless her! she is as quick as a partridge,—I left you to settle it with papa, and after all, did that which I

suppose your Highness intended to do yourself—made my way into the young lady's—bed-chamber."

"Hold your tongue, you rascal! and give me the packet."

"There it is, Sir, and now we will go on; but we must stay an hour at the next post, if your honour pleases not to sleep there; for both Max and my own hack have had a sharp day's work."

Vivian tore open the packet. It contained a long letter, written on the night of her return to Beckendorff's; she had stayed up the whole night writing. It was to have been forwarded to Vivian, in case of their not being able to meet. In the enclosure were a few hurried lines, written since the catastrophe. They were these:—"May this safely reach you! Can you ever forgive me? The enclosed, you will see, was intended for you, in case of our not meeting. It anticipated sorrow; yet what were its anticipations to our reality!"

The Archduchess's letter was evidently written under the influence of the most agitated

feelings. I omit it; because, as the mystery of her character is now explained, a great portion of her communication would be irrelevant to our tale. She spoke of her exalted station as a woman—that station which so many women envy—in a spirit of the most agonizing bitterness. A royal princess is only the most flattered of state victims. She is a political sacrifice, by which enraged Governments are appeased, wavering allies conciliated, and ancient amities confirmed. Debarred by her rank and her education from looking forward to that exchange of equal affection, which is the great end and charm of female existence; no individual finds more fatally, and feels more keenly, that pomp is not felicity, and splendour not content.

Deprived of all those sources of happiness which seem inherent in woman, the wife of the Sovereign sometimes seeks in politics and in pleasure, a means of excitement which may purchase oblivion. But the political queen is a rare character; she must possess an intellect of unusual power, and her lot must be considered as an exception in the fortunes of female roy-

alty. Even the political queen generally closes an agitated career with a broken heart. And for the unhappy votary of pleasure, who owns her cold duty to a royal husband, we must not forget, that even in the most dissipated courts, the conduct of the queen is expected to be decorous; and that the instances are not rare, where the wife of the monarch has died on the scaffold, or in a dungeon, or in exile, because she dared to be indiscreet, where all were debauched. But for the great majority of royal wives, they exist without a passion; they have nothing to hope—nothing to fear—nothing to envy—nothing to want—nothing to confide—nothing to hate—and nothing to love. Even their duties, though multitudinous, are mechanical; and while they require much attention, occasion no anxiety. Amusement is their moment of greatest emotion, and for them amusement is rare; for amusement is the result of equal companionship. Thus situated, they are doomed to become frivolous in their pursuits, and formal in their manners: and the Court chaplain, or the Court confessor, is the only person who

can prove they have a soul, by convincing them that it will be saved.

The young Archduchess had assented to the proposition of marriage with the Crown Prince of Reisenburg without opposition; as she was convinced that requesting her assent, was only a courteous form of requiring her compliance. There was nothing outrageous to her feelings in marrying a man whom she had never seen; because her education, from her tenderest years, had daily prepared her for such an event. Moreover, she was aware that, if she succeeded in escaping from the offers of the Crown Prince of Reisenburg, she would soon be under the necessity of assenting to those of some other suitor; and if proximity to her own country, accordance with its sentiments and manners, and previous connection with her own house, were taken into consideration, an union with the family of Reisenburg was even desirable. It was to be preferred, at least, to one which brought with it a foreign husband, and a foreign clime; a strange language, and strange

customs. The Archduchess—a girl of ardent feelings and lively mind—had not, however, agreed to become that all-commanding slave—a Queen—without a stipulation. She required that she might be allowed, previous to her marriage, to visit her future Court, incognita. This singular and unparalleled proposition was not easily acceded to: but the opposition with which it was received, only tended to make the young Princess more determined to be gratified in her caprice. Her Imperial Highness did not pretend that any end was to be obtained by this unusual procedure, and indeed she had no definite purpose in requesting it to be permitted. It was originally the mere whim of the moment, and had it not been strongly opposed, it would not have been strenuously insisted upon. As it was, the young Archduchess persisted, threatened, and grew obstinate; and the grey-headed negotiators of the marriage, desirous of its speedy completion, and not having a more tractable tool ready to supply her place, at length yielded to her bold

importunity. Great difficulty, however, was experienced in carrying her wishes into execution. By what means, and in what character she was to appear at Court, so as not to excite suspicion or occasion discovery, were often discussed, without being resolved upon. At length it became necessary to consult Mr. Beckendorff. The upper lip of the Prime Minister of Reisenburg curled, as the Imperial Minister detailed the caprice and contumacy of the Princess; and treating with the greatest contempt, this girlish whim, Mr. Beckendorff ridiculed those by whom it had been humoured, with no suppressed derision. The consequence of his conduct was an interview with the future Grand Duchess, and the consequence of his interview, an unexpected undertaking on his part to arrange the visit, according to her Highness's desires.

The Archduchess had not yet seen the Crown Prince; but six miniatures, and a whole length portrait had prepared her for not meeting an Adonis, or a Baron Trenck; and that was

all—for never had the Corregio of the age of Charles the Fifth, better substantiated his claims to the office of Court painter, than by these accurate semblances of his Royal Highness; in which his hump was subdued into a Grecian bend, and his lack-lustre eyes seemed beaming with tenderness and admiration. His betrothed bride stipulated with Mr. Beckendorff, that the fact of her visit should be known only to himself, and the Grand Duke; and before she appeared at Court, she had received the personal pledge, both of himself, and his Royal Highness, that the affair should be kept a complete secret from the Crown Prince.

Most probably, on her first introduction to her future husband, all the romantic plans of the young Archduchess, to excite an involuntary interest in his heart, vanished—but how this may be, it is needless for us to inquire: for that same night introduced another character into her romance, for whom she was perfectly unprepared, and whose appearance totally disorganised its plot.

Her inconsiderate, her injustifiable conduct, in tampering with that individual's happiness and affection, was what the young and haughty Archduchess deplored in the most energetic, the most feeling, and the most humble spirit; and anticipating, that after this painful disclosure, they would never meet again, she declared, that for his sake alone she regretted what had passed—and praying that he might be happier than herself, she supplicated to be forgiven, and forgotten.

Vivian read the Archduchess's letter over, and over again; and then put it in his breast. At first he thought that he had lived to shed another tear; but he was mistaken. In a few minutes he found himself quite roused from his late overwhelming stupor—quite light-hearted—almost gay. Remorse, or regret for the past—care, or caution for the future, seemed at the same moment to have fled from his mind. He looked up to Heaven, with a wild smile—half of despair, and half of defiance. It seemed to imply, that Fate had now done

her worst; and that he had at last the satisfaction of knowing himself to be the most unfortunate and unhappy being that ever existed. When a man, at the same time, believes in, and sneers at his Destiny, we may be sure that he considers his condition past redemption.

CHAPTER II.

They stopped for an hour at the next post, according to Essper's suggestion. Indeed he proposed resting there for the night, for both men and beasts much required repose; but Vivian panted to reach Vienna, to which city two days travelling would now carry him. His passions were so roused, and his powers of reflection so annihilated, that while he had determined to act desperately, he was unable to resolve upon any thing desperate. Whether, on his arrival at the Austrian capital, he should plunge into dissipation, or into the Danube, was equally uncertain. He had some thought of joining the Greeks or Turks—no matter which—probably the latter—or perhaps of serv-

ing in the Americas. The idea of returning to England never once entered his mind: he expected to find letters from his father at Vienna, and he almost regretted it; for, in his excessive misery, it was painful to be conscious that a being still breathed, who was his friend.

It was a fine moonlight night, but the road was very mountainous; and in spite of all the encouragement of Vivian, and all the consequent exertions of the postilion, they were upwards of two hours and a half going these eight miles. To get on any farther to-night was quite impossible. Essper's horse was fairly knocked up, and even Max visibly distressed. The post-house was fortunately an Inn. It was not at a village; and, as far as the travellers could learn, not near one; and its appearance did not promise very pleasing accommodation. Essper, who had scarcely tasted food for nearly eighteen hours, was not highly delighted with the prospect before them. His anxiety, however, was not merely selfish: he was as desirous that his young master should be refreshed by a good night's rest, as himself; and anticipating that

he should have to exercise his skill in making a couch for Vivian in the carriage, he proceeded to cross-examine the post-master on the possibility of his accommodating them. The host was a most pious-looking personage, in a black velvet cap, with a singularly meek and charitable expression of countenance. His long black hair was very exquisitely braided; and he wore round his neck a collar of pewter medals, all which had been recently sprinkled with holy water, and blessed under the petticoat of the saintly Virgin; for the post-master had only just returned from a pilgrimage to the celebrated shrine of the Black Lady of Altoting.

"Good friend!" said Essper, looking him cunningly in the face; "I fear that we must order horses on: you can hardly accommodate two?"

"Good friend!" answered the innkeeper, and he crossed himself very reverently at the same time; "it is not for man to fear, but to hope."

"If your beds were as good as your adages," said Essper George laughing, "in good truth,

as a friend of mine would say, I would sleep here to-night."

"Prithee, friend," continued the innkeeper, kissing a medal of his collar very devoutly, "what accommodation dost thou lack?"

"Why," said Essper, "in the way of accommodation, little—for two excellent beds will content us; but in the way of refreshment—by St. Hubert! as another friend of mine would swear—he would be a bold man, who would engage to be as hungry before his dinner, as I shall be after my supper."

"Friend!" said the innkeeper, "Our Lady forbid that thou shouldst leave our walls to-night: for the accommodation, we have more than sufficient; and as for the refreshment—by Holy Mass! we had a priest tarry here last night, and he left his rosary behind: I will comfort my soul, by telling my beads over the kitchen-fire; and for every Paternoster, my wife shall give thee a rasher of kid, and for every Ave, a tumbler of Augsburgh; which, Our Lady forget me! if I did not myself pur-

chase, but yesterday se'nnight, from the pious fathers of the Convent of St. Florian!"

"I take thee at thy word, honest Sir," said Essper. "By the creed! I liked thy appearance from the first: nor wilt thou find me unwilling, when my voice has taken its supper, to join thee in some pious hymn or holy canticle. And now for the beds?"

"There is the green room—the best bedroom in my house," said the innkeeper. "Holy Mary forget me! if in that same bed have not stretched their legs, more valorous generals, more holy prelates, and more distinguished councillors of our Lord the Emperor, than in any bed in all Austria."

"That then, for my master—and for myself?——"

"H—u—m!" said the host, looking very earnestly in Essper's face; "I should have thought that thou wert one more anxious after dish and flaggon, than curtain and eiderdown!"

"By my Mother! I love good cheer," said Essper earnestly; "and want it more at this moment than any knave that ever yet starved:

but if thou hast not a bed to let me stretch my legs on, after four-and-twenty hours' hard riding, by holy Virgin! I will have horses on to Vienna."

"Our Black Lady forbid!" said the innkeeper, with a quick voice, and with rather a dismayed look—"said I that thou shouldst *not* have a bed? St. Florian desert me! if I and my wife would not sooner sleep in the chimney-corner, than that thou shouldst miss one wink of thy slumbers!"

"In one word, have you a bed?"

"Have I a bed? Where slept, I should like to know, the Vice-Principal of the Convent of Molk, on the day before the last holy Ascension? The waters were out in the morning; and when will my wife forget, what his Reverence was pleased to say, when he took his leave!—'Good woman!' said he, 'my duty calls me; but the weather is cold; and between ourselves, I am used to great feasts; and I should have no objection, if I were privileged, to stay, and to eat again of thy red cabbage and cream!'—what say you to that? Do you think we have

got beds now? You shall sleep to-night, Sir, like an Aulic Councillor!"

This adroit introduction of the red cabbage and cream settled every thing—when men are wearied and famished, they have no inclination to be incredulous—and in a few moments Vivian was informed by his servant, that the promised accommodation was satisfactory; and having locked up the carriage, and wheeled it into a small outhouse, he and Essper were ushered by their host into a room, which, as is usual in small German inns in the South, served at the same time both for kitchen and saloon. The fire was lit in a platform of brick, raised in the centre of the floor:—the sky was visible through the chimney, which, although of a great breadth below, gradually narrowed to the top. A family of wandering Bohemians, consisting of the father and mother, and three children, were seated on the platform when Vivian entered: the man was playing on a coarse wooden harp, without which the Bohemians seldom travel. The music ceased, as the new guests came into the room, and the Bohemian

courteously offered his place at the fire to our hero; who, however, declined disturbing the family group. A small table, and a couple of chairs, were placed in a corner of the room by the innkeeper's wife—a bustling, active dame—who apparently found no difficulty in laying the cloth, dusting the furniture, and cooking the supper, at the same time. At this table, Vivian and his servant seated themselves; and, in spite of his misfortunes, Vivian was soon engaged in devouring the often-supplied and savoury rashers of the good woman; nor, indeed, did her cookery discredit the panegyric of the Reverend Vice-Principal of the Convent of Molk.

Alike wearied in mind and body, Vivian soon asked for his bed; which, though not exactly fit for an Aulic Councillor, as the good host perpetually avowed it to be, nevertheless afforded very decent accommodation.

The Bohemian family retired to the hay-loft; and Essper George would have followed his master's example, had not the kind mistress of the house tempted him to stay behind, by the

production of a new platter of rashers: indeed, he never remembered meeting with such hospitable people as the post-master and his wife. They had evidently taken a great fancy to him; and, though extremely wearied, the lively little Essper endeavoured, between his quick mouthfuls and long draughts, to reward and encourage their kindness by many a good story and sharp joke. With all these, both mine host and his wife were exceedingly amused; seldom containing their laughter, and frequently protesting, by the sanctity of various Saints, that this was the pleasantest night, and Essper the pleasantest fellow, that they had ever met with.

"Eat, eat, my friend!" said his host; "by the Mass! thou hast travelled far; and fill thy glass, and pledge with me Our Black Lady of Altoting. By Holy Cross! I have hung up this week in her chapel a garland of silk roses; and have ordered to be burnt before her shrine three pounds of perfumed wax tapers! Fill again, fill again! and thou too, good mistress; a hard day's work hast thou had—a glass of wine will do thee no harm: join me with our

new friend! Pledge we together the Holy Fathers of St. Florian, my worldly patrons, and my spiritual pastors: let us pray that his Reverence the Sub-Prior may not have his Christmas attack of gout in the stomach; and a better health to poor Father Felix! Fill again, fill again! this Augsburg is somewhat acid; we will have a bottle of Hungary. Mistress, fetch us the bell-glasses, and here to the Reverend Vice-Principal of Molk! our good friend: when will my wife forget what he said to her on the morning of last holy Ascension! Fill again, fill again!"

Inspired by the convivial spirit of the pious and jolly post-master, Essper George soon forgot his threatened visit to his bed-room, and ate and drank, laughed and joked, as if he were again with his friend, Master Rodolph: but wearied Nature at length avenged herself for this unnatural exertion; and leaning back in his chair, he was, in the course of an hour, overcome by one of those dead and heavy slumbers, the effect of the united influence of fatigue and intemperance—in short, it was like the midnight sleep of a fox-hunter.

No sooner had our pious votary of the Black Lady of Altoting observed the effect of his Hungary wine, than making a well-understood sign to his wife, he took up the chair of Essper in his brawny arms; and, preceded by Mrs. Post-mistress with a lantern, he left the room with his guest. Essper's hostess led and lighted the way to an outhouse, which occasionally served as a remise, a stable, and a lumber-room. It had no window, and the lantern afforded the only light which exhibited its present contents. In one corner was a donkey tied up, belonging to the Bohemian; and in another a dog, belonging to the post-master. Hearing the whispered voice of his master, this otherwise brawling animal was quite silent. Under a hay-rack was a large child's cradle: it was of a very remarkable size, having been made for twins; who, to the great grief of the post-master and his lady, departed this life at an early, but promising age. Near it was a very low wooden sheep-tank, half filled with water, and which had been placed there for the refreshment of the dog and his feathered friends—a couple of

turkeys, and a considerable number of fowls, who also at present were quietly roosting in the rack.

The pious innkeeper very gently lowered to the ground the chair on which Essper was soundly sleeping; and then, having crossed himself, he took up our friend with great tenderness and solicitude, and dexterously fitted him in the huge cradle. This little change must have been managed with great skill—like all other skill, probably acquired by practice—for overwhelming as was Essper's stupor, it nevertheless required considerable time, nicety, and trouble, to arrange him comfortably on the mouldy mattress of the deceased twins—so very fine was the fit! However, the kind-hearted host had the satisfaction of retiring from the stable, with the consciousness, that the guest, whose company had so delighted him, was enjoying an extremely sound slumber; and fearing the watchful dog might disturb him, he thought it only prudent to take Master Rouseall along with him.

About an hour past midnight, Essper George

awoke. He was lying on his back, and excessively unwell; and on trying to move, he found, to his great astonishment, that he was rocking. Every circumstance of his late adventure was perfectly obliterated from his memory; and the strange movement, united with his peculiar indisposition, left him no doubt that the dream, which was in fact the effect of his intemperance, combined with the rocking of the cradle on the slightest motion, was a melancholy reality; and that what he considered the greatest evil of life, was now his lot—in short, that he was on board a ship! As is often the case when we are tipsy or nervous, Essper had been woke by the fright of falling from some immense height; and finding that his legs had no sensation, for they were quite benumbed, he concluded that he had fallen down the hatchway, that his legs were broken, and himself jammed in between some logs of wood in the hold: and so he began to cry lustily to those above, to come down to his rescue. How long he would have continued hailing the neglectful crew, it is impossible to ascertain; but, in the midst of his

noisy alarm, he was seized with another attack of sickness, which soon quieted him.

"Oh, Essper George!" thought he, "Essper George! how came you to set foot on salt timber again! Had not you had enough of it in the Mediterranean and the Turkish seas, that you must be getting aboard this lubberly Dutch galliot! for I am sure she's Dutch, by being so low in the water. How did I get here?—Who am I?—Am I Essper George, or am I not?—Where was I last?—How came I to fall?—Oh! my poor legs!—How the vessel rocks!—Sick again!—Well, they may talk of a sea-life, but for my part, I never even saw the use of the Sea.—Oh, Lord! how she rolls—what a heave!—I never saw the use of the Sea.—Many a sad heart has it caused, and many a sick stomach has it occasioned! The boldest sailor climbs on board with a heavy soul, and leaps on land with a light spirit.—Oh! thou indifferent ape of Earth! thy houses are of wood, and thy horses of canvass; thy roads have no landmarks, and thy highways no inns; thy hills are green without grass,

and wet without showers!—and as for food, what art thou, oh, bully Ocean! but the stable of horse-fishes, the stall of cow-fishes, the sty of hog-fishes, and the kennel of dog-fishes!—Oh! commend me to a fresh-water dish for meagre days!—Sea-weed, stewed with chalk, may be savoury stuff for a merman; but, for my part, give me red cabbage and cream: and as for drink, a man may live in the midst of thee his whole life, and die for thirst at the end of it! Besides, thou blasphemous salt lake, where is thy religion? Where are thy churches, thou heretic? Thou would'st be burnt by the Inquisition, were it not that thy briny water is fit for nothing but to extinguish an Auto-da-Fè! Ah me! would that my legs were on my body again, and that body on Terra-firma! I am left to perish below, while the rascally Surgeon above, is joining with the Purser to defraud the Guinea-pigs at dice. I'll expose him!" So saying, Essper made a desperate effort to crawl up the hold. His exertions, of course, set the cradle rocking with renewed violence; and at last, dashing with great force

against the sheep-tank, that pastoral piece of furniture was overset, and part of its contents poured upon the inmate of the cradle.

"Sprung a leak in the hold, by St. Nicholas!" bawled out Essper George. "Caulkers, a-hoy! a-hoy! Can't you hear, you scoundrels; you stone-hearted ruffians!—a-hoy! a-hoy!—I can't cry, for the life of me! They said I should be used to the rocking after the first month; and here, by the soul of a seaman! I can't even speak! Oh! the liars, the wicked liars! If the Captain expect anything from me, he is mistaken. I know what I shall do when he comes. 'Captain!' I shall say, 'when you behave like a gentleman, you may expect to be treated as such.'"

At this moment three or four fowls, roused by the fall of the tank, and the consequent shouts of Essper, began fluttering about the rack, and at last perched upon the cradle. "The live-stock got loose!" screamed Essper, in a voice of terror, in spite of a new attack of sickness; "the live-stock got loose! sprung a leak! below here! below! below! and the

breeze is getting stiffer every instant! Where 's the captain? I will see him; I 'm not one of the crew: I belong to the Court! What Court? what am I talking about? One would think that I was drunk. Court indeed! what can I mean? I must have cracked my skull when I fell like a lubber down that confounded hatchway! Court indeed! Egad! I feel as if I had been asleep, and been dreaming I was at Court. Well, it 's enough to make one laugh, after all! What 's that noise? why, here's a jackass in the hold! this is not right—some job of that villainous Purser! Well, he 's found out at last! Rasher of kid indeed! What business has he to put me off with rashers of kid, and give me sour wine! This is the first voyage that I ever heard of, where a whole crew were fed for months on rashers of kid, and sour wine. Oh, the villain! is this what he calls doing his duty! is this——why, here are all the turkeys screaming! all the live-stock loose—below here! below! Above deck a-hoy! ye lubbers a-hoy! live stock loose! sprung a leak! purser's job! purser

has got a jackass—purser's jackass—purser is a j—a—c—k—jack—jack—jack—jack—jack-ass!" Here our sailor, overcome by his exertions and the motion of his vessel, again fell asleep.

Presently he was awakened, not by the braying of the jackass, nor the screaming of the turkeys, nor the cackling of the chickens; but by the sound of heavy footsteps over his head. These noises were at once an additional proof that he was in the hold, and an additional stimulus to his calls to those on deck. In fact, these sounds were occasioned by the Bohemians, who always rose before break of day; and consequently, in a few minutes, the door of the stable opened, and the Bohemian, with a lantern in his hand, entered.

"Who are you?" hallooed out Essper George, greatly refreshed by his last slumber; "what do you want?" continued he; for the man, astounded at hearing a human voice, at first could not reply.

"I want my jackass," he at length said.

"You do," said Essper, "do you? Now a'n't you a pretty fellow? You a Purser! A

fellow who gives us rashers of kid a whole voyage; nothing but kid, kid, kid, every day! and here are detected keeping a jackass among the poultry! a jackass, of all animals! eating all the food of our live-stock, and we having kid every day—kid, kid, kid! Pray why didn't you come to me before? Why didn't you send the Surgeon? Now, a'n't you a scoundrel! Though both my legs are off, I'll have a fling at you!"—and so saying, Essper, aided by the light of the lantern, and with infinite exertion, scrambled out of the cradle, and taking up the sheep-tank, sent it straight at the astonished Bohemian's head. The aim was good, and the man fell; more, however, from fright than injury. Seizing his lantern, which had fallen out of his hand, Essper escaped through the stable-door, and rushed into the house. He found himself in the kitchen. The noise of his entrance roused the landlord and his wife, who had been sleeping by the fire; since, not having a single bed besides their own, they had given that up to Vivian. The countenance of the innkeeper effectually dispelled the

clouds which had been fast clearing off from Essper's intellect. Giving one wide stare, and then rubbing his eyes, the whole truth lighted upon him; and so, being in the humour for flinging, he sent the Bohemian's lantern at his landlord's head. The post-master seized the poker, and the post-mistress a faggot; and as the Bohemian, who had now recovered himself, had entered in the rear, Essper George certainly stood a fair chance of receiving a thorough drubbing; which doubtless he would have got, had not his master, roused by the suspicious noises and angry sounds which had reached his room, entered the kitchen with his pistols. The group is a good one; and I therefore will not disturb it till the next Chapter.

CHAPTER III.

As it was now morning, Vivian did not again retire to rest, but took advantage of the disturbance in the Inn, to continue his route at an earlier hour than he had previously intended. As he was informed that he would meet with no accommodation for the next fifty or sixty miles, his projected course lying through an extremely mountainous and wild tract in the vicinity of the Lake of Gmunden, he was fain to postpone his departure, until he and his attendant had procured their breakfasts; and moreover, willingly acceded to a suggestion of the post-master, of taking with him a small basket, containing some slight refreshment for their 'noon meal.' Accordingly the remnants of

their breakfast, a cold fowl—a relation of the live-stock which had so terribly disturbed Esper during the night—some fruit, and a bottle of thin white wine, were packed by the dapper post-mistress in a neat little basket. The horses were now put to, and nothing remained to be done, but to discharge the innkeeper's bill. The conduct of mine host and his good wife, had been so exceedingly obliging—for Vivian had not even listened to Essper's complaint, treating the whole affair as a drunken brawl—that Vivian had nearly made up his mind to wave the ceremony of having a regular bill presented to him; and feeling that the greatest charge which the post-master could make for his accommodation, could not reward him for his considerate conduct, he was on the point of making him a very handsome present, when the account was sent in. To Vivian's astonishment, he found that the charge exceeded, by about five times as much, the amount of his intended, and, as he had considered it, rather extravagant gratuity. The first item was for apartments—

a saloon, and two best bed-chambers! Then came Vivian's light supper, figuring as a dinner pour un maître; and as for Essper George's feed, it was inserted under two different heads, 'servant's dinner,' and 'servant's supper;' the retirement of Vivian from the smoky kitchen, having been the event which distinguished the moment when the first meal had terminated, and the second commenced. More ceremonious accuracy could not have been displayed in settling the boundaries of two Empires, or deciding the commencement of the Sabbath. And as for wine, the thin Augsburgh, though charged by the dozen, did not cost as much as the Hungary, charged by the bottle. It appeared by the bill also, that there had been no slight breakage of bell-glasses, nor was the sheep-tank, minus a leg by the overthrow of the Bohemian, forgotten; but looked imposing under the title of 'injured bed-room furniture.' Vivian scarcely got as far as their breakfasts, but even their excessive price passed from his mind, when his eye lighted on the enormous

item which entitled them to the basket of provisions. It would have supported the poor Bohemians for a year!

Our hero's indignation was excessive, particularly as he now felt it his duty to listen to Esper's bitter complaints. Vivian contented himself, however, with returning the account by Essper to the post-master, who took care not to be in his customer's presence; informing mine host that there was some little mistake in his demand, and requesting him to make out a new charge. But the character of the pious, loquacious, complaisant, and convivial innkeeper, seemed suddenly to have undergone a very strange revolution. He had become sullen, and silent; listened to Vivian's message with imperturbable composure, and then refused to reduce his charge one single kreützer.

Vivian, whose calm philosophy had received rather a rude shock since his last interview with Mr. Beckendorff, and who was not therefore in the most amiable of humours, did not now conceal his indignation; nor, as far as words could make an impression, spare the late object

of his intended generosity. That pious person bore his abuse like a true Christian; crossing himself at every opprobrious epithet that was heaped upon him, with great reverence, and kissing a holy medal of his blessed necklace whenever his guest threatened vengeance and anticipated redress. But no word escaped the whole time from the mouth of the spiritual protégé of the Holy Fathers of St. Florian: pale and pigheaded, he bore all with that stubborn silence, which proved him no novice in such scenes; and not even Our Black Lady of Altoting was called upon to interfere in his favour, or to forgive, or forget, his innocent imposition. But his mild, and active, and obliging wife amply compensated, by her reception of our hero's complaints, for the rather uncourteous conduct of her husband. With arms a-kimbo, and flashing eyes, the vixen poured forth a volley of abuse both of Vivian and his servant, which seemed to astonish even her experienced husband. To leave the house without satisfying the full demand was impossible; for the demandant, being

post-master, could of course prevent the progress of his victim. In this state of affairs, irritated and defied, Vivian threatened to apply to the Judge of the district. His threat bore with it no terrors: and imagining that the post-master reckoned that his guest was merely blustering, Vivian determined to carry the business through; and asked of a few idle persons who were standing round, which of them would show him the way to the Judge of the district.

"I will myself attend your Highness," said the innkeeper, with a bow of insolent politeness.

Vivian, however, did not choose to rely upon the post-master's faith; and so, attended by a young peasant, and followed at a few yards distance by their host, he and Essper proceeded to find the Judge of the district. The Judge lived at a small village two miles up the country; but even this did not daunt our hero, who, in spite of the meek and constant smile of his host, bade his guide lead on.

Half an hour brought them to the hamlet. They proceeded down the only street which it contained, until they came to a rather large,

but most dilapidated house, which their guide informed them was the residence of the Judge. The great front gates being evidently unused, they rang the rusty bell at a small white door at the side of the mansion; and in a short time it was opened by a hard-working Austrian wench, who stared very much at the demand, as if she were but little accustomed to their admission of suitors. She bade them follow her down the court. Passing a heavy casement window, thickly overshadowed by a vine, she opened a door into a small and gloomy room, and the party were ushered into the solemn presence of the district Judge. His Worship was seated at a table, on which a few very ancient and dusty papers attempted to produce a show of business. He was earnestly engaged with his chocolate, and wore a crimson velvet cap, with a broad fur border, and a very imposing tassel. I need not describe his appearance very minutely—his Worship being an individual whom we have had the honour of meeting with before; he being no less a personage than that dignified, economical, con-

vivial, and most illtreated Judge from the Danube, whose unlucky adventure about the bottle of Rudesheimer was detailed in an early chapter of these volumes; and whom it will be recollected was, at that time, if more good-humouredly, scarcely more courteously, treated by one of the present complainants, Essper George, than by his brutal boon companions—the University students.

"Pray, gentlemen, be seated: take a chair, Sir!" said his Worship as he raised himself on his elbows, staring in Vivian's face.—"H—u—u—m!" growled the fat Judge, as he perceived the innkeeper standing on the threshold.—"Come in there, and shut the door. Well, gentlemen, what is your pleasure?"

Vivian very temperately and briefly detailed the occasion of his visit. The Judge listened in profound silence; his pouting lips and contracted brow making it difficult to ascertain whether he were thoughtful or sulky. The innkeeper did not attempt to interrupt the complainant during his statement, at least not by speech; but kept up a perpetual commentary

on the various charges, by repeatedly crossing himself, sighing, and lifting up his hands and eyes, as much as to say, "What liars men are!" and then humbly throwing out his arms, and bending his head, he seemed to forgive their mendacity, and at the same time, trust that Heaven would imitate his example. While this scene was acting, Essper George got wound up to such a pitch of frenzy, between the injustice which he considered his master was doing to their case, the hypocritical gesticulations of the defendant, and the restraint laid upon his perpetual interference by Vivian, and the looks of the Judge; that he could only be compared to a wild cat in a cage, hissing, spitting, threatening with his pawing hands, and setting up his back, as if he were about to spring upon his adversary and throttle him.

"Now!" said the Judge sternly to the postmaster, "what have you to say? How can you answer to yourself for treating a foreign gentleman in this manner?"

"St. Florian be my help!" said mine host with downcast eyes, "I am confounded: this worthy gentleman has most unaccountably deceived himself. Our Lady be my guide, while I speak the truth! Late last night this noble traveller and his worthy attendant arrived at our poor dwelling. I was busying myself to get horses for his carriage, when the gentleman complained of so much illness and fatigue, that his servant entreated me to strive to give him accommodation for the night. Indeed, poor gentlemen! it is no wonder they were fatigued; for the young man himself, as he will bear witness for me," said the speaker, pointing to Essper, "declared, that for four-and-twenty hours he had scarcely been off his horse; and had not, in that time, tasted food!"

"Yes! that was when you promised me the bed which the Vice-Principal of Molk slept in," said Essper; stamping with such violence, that the old Judge started with fright, and dropped his spoon! His Worship looked angrily round, and Vivian again commanded Essper to be silent.

"Go on with your story," said the Judge to the defendant.

"Hear me speak, your Worship," said Essper; "he'll never have done. When once a man begins lying, he'll tell the truth on Tuesday se'nnight. The whole affair is this——"

"This person must be kept silent," said the Judge. "You go on," continued he, pointing to the innkeeper, who was crossing himself most devoutly.

"The Mother of Mercy forgive me!" said the innkeeper, "if I have said aught unconsciously to hurt the feelings of any fellow-christian. If the tale told me were untrue, is it my fault that I gave it credit? My wife and I, pitying their sad condition, determined to exert ourselves for their relief. Our house, by the blessing of St. Florian! was filled. A respectable Bohemian family, who, from the treatment they have invariably received, consider our house their home, had taken up their lodgings with us for the night. Of a verity, we had no beds remaining, except the one in which I and my wife repose ourselves after

our hard day's labour; and another which was made on purpose for, and scarcely ever used by any persons except, our two dear and lamented children!"

"A mouldy cradle!" bawled Essper George.

"Our two lovely children slept together in it!" said the innkeeper, with a softened voice and a starting tear.

"A crib, I suppose?" said the Judge.

"Verily a large sized crib! excuse this emotion," said mine host, swallowing a sob; "it is a subject on which I unwillingly dwell."

In this manner were nearly two hours occupied; the pious post-master calmly and charitably explaining his conduct, defending himself against every count of the indictment, and never once giving way to an irritable expression, although constantly interrupted and abused by Essper George; whose rage, and mortification, at the complexion which the history of his ill-treatment was assuming before the Judge, exceeded all bounds.

"Gentlemen!" said the Judge, when the innkeeper had finished, "it appears to me

that this poor man's case has been a little misunderstood by you. In the first place, it seems, that far from desiring you to stay under his roof, your lodging there must have put him to very serious inconvenience. I find that his wife, who had been hard worked the whole day, and was, moreover, far from being in strong health, was obliged to give up her bed for the accommodation of her unexpected guest; and what more could your servant desire, than the bed in which their own children were accustomed to repose? As to the charge for your meals, and wine, and the basket of provisions, you are little aware at how much cost and labour we, who live among these mountains, procure even the commonest provisions, now rendered doubly scarce by the excessive heat and drought of the season. (Here the Judge poured out another cup of chocolate.) Remember also, that this is not a large city, and that we are obliged to provide at the beginning of the week for the wants of the remainder. You have probably, therefore, deprived this poor family of their

sustenance for six days to come. Consider also, that it was not necessary for the post-master to put himself to the expense of living in so large a house, and that it was entirely for the accommodation of respectable families travelling from Bohemia and Bavaria, and other places, that he has incurred the cost of maintaining this establishment! It is only fair, therefore, that you should properly remunerate him for the conveniences which, in such a country, you could hardly have expected to find, and for the extraordinary risk incurred by this hazardous investment of his capital. Respecting the treatment of which you complain, from his wife, I put it to your own feelings, as a gentleman, whether great allowance should not be made in a case where such exertions and sacrifices may have produced a slight degree of irritability and discomposure—the natural result of female delicacy, and overpowering fatigue? For her husband, the present defendant, I should feel I was not discharging my duty, if I did not declare that this is the first time I have heard word of complaint against him by man, woman, or child;

and if I were called upon to pick out the most civil, obliging, conscientious, liberal, charitable, unassuming, and thoroughly honest, and truly pious man within my district, it is this worthy person whom I now see before me; and whose demand I feel it incumbent upon me to insist, shall this moment be satisfied. My clerk is not in the way just now, but his fee you may leave upon the table: it is twenty per cent. upon the amount of the disputed sum. There is also one dollar due for the warrant; which, though not issued in the present instance, must be accounted for to Government."

Vivian threw down the sum in disgust, without deigning to reply; but Essper George was not so dignified. His rage was ludicrously excessive.

"I knew it would end so! You would not let me speak. Don't pay, Sir—don't pay! The fat rascal is the worst of the two; and whenever I prosecute a person for stealing clothes off a naked man, or a beard from a

child's elbow, I 'll bring them before you, and they shall be found guilty !"

"Fellow !" said the magistrate, "do you know who I am ?"

"Know you !" screamed Essper, with a malicious laugh : "know you ! The very sight of you does my heart good. How did that Rudesheimer at Coblentz agree with you ? I think you got a glass when the bottle was empty ? Oh ! you old cheat ! this is not the first time that you have wanted to make honest travellers pay for what they did not order ! Shame ! shame !"

"You loose-tongued rascal !" said the agonised and choking magistrate, as he shuffled back his chair, and threw his cup of chocolate at Essper's head. The knave, however, skilfully avoided it, and ran down the court after his master. His agility baffled the exertions of the gouty judge, who thinking he was fairly rid of his tormentor, determined to forget his mortification in his per centage. He had just reseated himself in his easy chair,

and was spinning the dollar on his thumb, revelling in his peculation, when Essper poked his head in at the opened casement.

"I forgot one thing!" said he, in an exulting whisper. "Pray—how is your—Grandfather?"

CHAPTER IV.

This unsuccessful appeal to justice cost Vivian almost as many golden hours, as it had golden Sovereigns. At length, however, his carriage drove off.—His host neither showed pique at his opposition, nor triumph at his defeat: he was just as pious and polite as on the evening of their arrival, and crossed himself, and bowed to his departing guest, with emulative fervor. His wife, however, standing in the window, testified her exultation by clapping her hands, and laughing, as the carriage went off.

The postilion drove so well, that Essper had difficulty in keeping up with the horses; particularly as, when he had found himself safely mounted, he had lagged behind a few

minutes to vent his spleen against the innkeeper's wife.

"May St. Florian confound me, madam!" said Essper, addressing himself to the lady in the window, "if ever I beheld so ugly a witch as yourself! Pious friend! thy chaplet of roses was ill bestowed, and thou needest not have travelled so far to light thy wax tapers at the shrine of the Black Lady at Altoting; for, by the beauty of holiness! an image of ebony is mother of pearl, to that Soot-face whom thou callest thy wife. Fare thee well! thou couple of saintly sinners; and may the next traveller who tarries in thy den of thieves, qualify thee for canonization, by thy wife's admiring pastor, the cabbage-eating Vice Principal of Molk!"

The postilion blew his horn with unusual spirit, to announce the arrival of a traveller of consequence, at the next post-house; and Vivian had the mortification of being whirled up to the gateway of a large and well-appointed Inn, situated in the high street of a smart-looking little town. The consciousness that he had been seduced into staying at the miserable

place where he had passed the night, under the pretence that there was no better accommodation within fifty miles, the sight of his costly basket of broken victuals, and the recollection of the expense of time and money which he had incurred through his credulity, were not calculated to render his mood the most amiable. The postilion, perhaps observing a cloud upon his brow, and anticipating that he might suffer for his master's villainy, bowed very low when he came up to the door of the carriage to be paid, and trusted most respectfully that his drink-money would not be diminished, for any thing that had happened. "I was very sorry Sir," continued he, "for what took place with my master; but I could do nothing, Sir: I could not drive you without an order. I am sorry to say, it is nothing particular new, Sir. It wasn't much use your troubling yourself to go to the Judge, for he always sides with master. Master married his sister, Sir!"

While Vivian was speaking to the postilion, he heard the sound of a hammer behind the carriage; and, on looking round, perceived a

man busily employed in working at one of the springs. This fellow was one of those officious smiths, who, on the Continent, regularly commence, without permission or necessity, their operations upon every carriage which drives up to the post-house. Vivian, convinced that his calèche did not, or ought not, to require the exercise of this artist's talents, after much trouble and some high talking, prevented him from proceeding. The man, however, tendered a demand for services which ought to have been performed, or ought to have been required. It was always the custom, he said, in that town, to have carriages examined and repaired; and if his Highness' did not require his attention, it was not his fault. He was ready to repair the carriage—it ought to have been broken. Vivian, of course, refused to satisfy the fellow's insolent demand; and begged to assure him that he was not one of those English lords, whom evidently the considerate smith was in the habit of practising upon. The man retired grumbling, with a most gloomy face.

On they went again, but not quite as com-

fortably as before; either the road was much worse, or the smith had been right in supposing that something was displaced. In the course of an hour, Vivian was obliged to desire the postilion to drive carefully; and before the end of another, they had to ford a rivulet, running between two high banks. The scenery just here was particularly lovely, and Vivian's attention was so engrossed by it, that he did not observe the danger which he was about to incur.

As this scene is important to the narrative, I shall describe it with great accuracy, and I hope that it will be understood.

On the left of the road, a high range of rocky mountains abruptly descended into an open, but broken country; and the other side of the road was occasionally bounded by low undulating hills, partially covered with dwarf woods, not high enough to obstruct the view of the distant horizon. Rocky knolls jutted out near the base of the mountains; and on the top of one of them, overlooked by a gigantic grey peak, stood an ancient and still inhabited feudal castle. Round the base of this insu-

lated rock, a rustic village peeped above the encircling nut-woods—its rising smoke softening the hard features of the naked crag. On the side of the village nearest to Vivian, a bold sheet of water discharged itself in three separate falls, between the ravine of a wooded mountain; and flowing round the village as a fine broad river, expanded, before it reached the foundation of the castled rock, into a long and deep lake, which was also fed by numerous streams, the gulleys only of which were now visible down the steep sides of the mountains—their springs having been long dried up.

Vivian's view was interrupted by his sudden descent into the bed of the rivulet, one of the numerous branches of the mountain torrent, and by a crash which as immediately ensued. Through the unpaid assistance of the rejected smith, the spring of his carriage was broken, and various loosened nuts jolted out. The carriage of course fell over, but Vivian sustained no injury; and while Essper George rode forward to the village for assistance, his master help-

ed the postilion to extricate the horses and secure them on the opposite bank. They had done all that was in their power some time before Essper returned; and Vivian, who had seated himself on some tangled beech-roots, was prevented growing impatient by contemplating the enchanting scenery. The postilion, on the contrary, who had travelled this road every day of his life, and who found no gratification in gazing upon rocks, woods, and waterfalls, lit his pipe, and occasionally talked to his horses. So essential an attribute of the beautiful, is novelty! Essper at length made his appearance, attended by five or six peasants, all dressed in holiday costume, with some fanciful decorations; their broad hats wreathed with wild flowers, their short brown jackets covered with buttons and fringe, and various-coloured ribands streaming from their knees.

"Well, sir! the grandson is born the day the grandfather dies! a cloudy morning has often a bright sunset! and though we are now sticking in a ditch, by the aid of St. Florian, we

may be soon feasting in a castle! Come, come, my merry men, I did not bring you here to show your ribands—the sooner you help us out of this scrape, the sooner you will be again dancing with the pretty maidens on the green! Lend a hand! lend a hand! What's your name?" asked Essper, of a sturdy red-haired lad, "Wolf? if it is not, it ought to be; and so, Mr. Wolf, put your shoulder to this fore-wheel, and you two go to the off-wheel, and Master Robert, as I think they call you, help me here! Now, all lift together—H—o—i—g—h! h—o—i—g—h! sharp there, behind! once more—h—o—i—g—h! pull—pull—pull!—there! gently, gently, that's it!"

The calèche appeared to be so much shattered, that they only ventured to put in one horse; and Vivian, leaving his carriage in charge of Essper and the postilion, mounted Max, and rode to the village, attended by the peasants. He learnt from them, on the way, that they were celebrating the marriage of the daughter of their Lord; who, having been informed of

the accident, had commanded them to go immediately to the gentleman's assistance, and then conduct him to the castle. Vivian immediately made some excuse for not accepting their master's hospitable invitation, and requested to be shown to the nearest Inn. He learnt, to his dismay, that the village did not boast a single one; the existence of such an establishment not being permitted by their Lord, who, however, was always most happy to entertain any stranger at his castle. As his calèche was decidedly too much injured to proceed farther that day, Vivian had evidently, from the account of these persons, no alternative; and therefore allowed himself to be introduced according to their instructions.

They crossed the river over a light stone bridge of three arches, the key-stone of the centre one being decorated with a very splendidly-sculptured shield.

"This bridge appears to be very recently built?" said Vivian to one of his conductors.

"It was opened, Sir, for the first time, yes-

terday, to admit the bridegroom of my young lady, and the foundation-stone of it was laid on the day she was born."

"I see that your good Lord was determined that it should be a solid structure."

"Why, Sir, it was necessary that the foundation should be strong, because three succeeding winters it was washed away by the rush of that mountain-torrent.—Turn this way, if you please, sir, through the village."

Vivian was much struck with the appearance of the little settlement, as he rode through it. It did not consist of more than fifty houses, but they were all detached, and each beautifully embowered in trees. The end of the village came upon a large rising green, leading up to the only accessible side of the castle. It presented a most animated scene, being covered with various groups, all intent upon different rustic amusements. An immense pole, the stem of a gigantic fir-tree, was fixed nearly in the centre of the green, and crowned with a chaplet—the reward of the most active young man of the village, whose agility might enable

him to display his gallantry, by presenting it to his mistress; she being allowed to wear it during the remainder of the sports. The middle-aged men were proving their strength by raising weights; while the elders of the village joined in the calmer and more scientific diversion of skittles, which, in Austria, are played with bowls and pins of very great size. Others were dancing; others sitting under tents, chattering or taking refreshments. Some were walking in pairs, anticipating the speedy celebration of a wedding-day—happier to them, if less gay to others. Even the tenderest infants, on this festive day, seemed conscious of some unusual cause of excitement; and many an urchin, throwing himself forward in a vain attempt to catch an elder brother or a laughing sister, tried the strength of his leading-strings, and rolled over, crowing in the soft grass.

At the end of the green a splendid tent was erected, with a large white bridal flag waving from its top, embroidered in gold, with a true-lover's knot. From this pavilion came forth, to welcome the strangers, the Lord of the village.

He was an extremely tall, but very thin bending figure, with a florid benevolent countenance, and a great quantity of long white hair. This venerable person cordially offered his hand to Vivian, regretted his accident, but expressed much pleasure that he had come to partake of their happiness. "Yesterday," continued he, "was my daughter's wedding-day, and both myself and our humble friends are endeavouring to forget, in this festive scene, our approaching loss and separation. If you had come yesterday, you would have assisted at the opening of my new bridge. Pray, what do you think of it? But I will show it to you myself, which I assure you will give me great pleasure: at present, let me introduce you to my family, who will be quite delighted to see you. It is a pity that you have missed the Regatta; my daughter is just going to reward the successful candidate: you see the boats upon the lake; the one with the white and purple streamer was the conqueror. You will have the pleasure, too, of seeing my son-in-law: I am sure you will like him—he quite enjoys our sports. We shall have

a fête champêtre to morrow, and a dance on the green to-night."

The old gentleman paused for want of breath, and having stood a moment to recover himself, he introduced his new guests to the inmates of the tent: first, his maiden sister, a softened fac-simile of himself; behind her stood his beautiful and blushing daughter, the youthful bride, wearing on her head a coronal of white roses, and supported by three bride's-maids, the only relief to whose snowy dresses were large bouquets on their left side. The bridegroom was at first shaded by the curtain; but, as he came forward, Vivian started when he recognised his Heidelburg friend, Eugene von Konigstein!"

Their mutual delight and astonishment were so great, that for an instant neither of them could speak; but when the old man learnt from his son-in-law, that the stranger was his most valued and intimate friend, and one to whom he was under the greatest personal obligations, he absolutely declared that he would have the wedding—to witness which, appeared to him

the height of human felicity—solemnized over again. The bride blushed, the bride's-maids tittered; the joy was universal.

"My dear sister!" said the old lord, bawling very loud in her ear; "very likely your deafness prevented you understanding that this gentleman is Eugene's particular friend. Poor dear!" continued he, lowering his tone: "it is a great misfortune to be so very deaf!"

"I dare say you will soon perceive, Sir," said the old lady to Vivian, while his lordship was speaking, "that my dear brother is debarred, in a great degree, from enjoying your society, by his unfortunate deafness: he scarcely ever hears even what I say to him; though he has been accustomed to my voice so many years. Poor creature! It is a great denial to him!"

It was quite curious to observe how perfectly unconscious were this excellent pair of their own infirmity, though quite alive to each other's.

Vivian inquired after the Baron. He learnt from Eugene that he had quitted Europe about a month, having sailed as Minister to one of the New American States. "My uncle," con-

tinued the young man, "was neither well, nor in spirits before his departure: I cannot understand why he plagues himself so about politics; however, I trust he will like his new appointment: you found him, I am sure, a most delightful companion?"

"Come! you two young gentlemen," said the father-in-law, "put off your chat till the evening. The business of the day stops; for I see the procession coming forward to receive the Regatta prize. Now, my dear! where is the scarf?—You know what to say? Remember, I particularly wish to do honour to the victor! The sight of all these happy faces makes me feel quite young again. I declare I think I shall live a hundred years!"

The procession advanced. First came a band of young children strewing flowers; then followed four stout boys carrying a large purple and white banner. The victor, proudly preceding the other candidates, strutted forward, with his hat on one side, a light scull decorated with purple and white ribands in his

right hand, and his left arm round his wife's waist. The wife, a beautiful young woman, to whom were clinging two fat flaxen-headed children, was the most interesting figure in the procession. Her tight dark boddice set off her round full figure, and her short red petticoat displayed her springy foot and ancle. Her neatly braided and plaited hair was partly concealed by a silk cap, covered with gold spangled gauze, flattened rather at the top, and finished at the back of the head with a large bow. This costly head-gear, the highest fashion of her class, was presented to the wearer by the bride, and was destined to be kept for festivals. After the victor and his wife, came six girls and six boys, at the side of whom walked a very bustling personage in black, who seemed extremely interested about the decorum of the procession. A long train of villagers succeeded.

"Well!" said the old lord to Vivian, "this must be a very gratifying sight to you! how fortunate that your carriage broke down just at my castle! I think my dear girl is acquitting

herself admirably. Ah! Eugene is a happy fellow; and I have no doubt that she will be happy too. The young sailor receives his honours very properly: they are as nice a family as I know. Observe, they are moving off now to make way for the pretty girls and boys! That person in black is our Abbé—as benevolent, worthy a creature as ever lived! and very clever too: you'll see in a minute. Now they are going to give us a little bridal chorus, after the old fashion; and it is all the Abbé's doing. I understand that there is an elegant allusion to my new bridge in it, which I think will please you. Who ever thought that bridge would be opened for my girl's wedding? Well! I am glad that it was not finished before. But we must be silent! You will notice that part about the bridge; it is in the fifth verse I am told; beginning with something about Hymen, and ending with something about roses."

By this time the procession had formed a semicircle before the tent; the Abbé standing in the middle, with a paper in his hand, and

dividing the two bands of choristers. He gave a signal with his cane, and the girls commenced :—

Chorus of Maidens.

Hours fly ! it is Morn : he has left the bed of love ! She follows him with a strained eye, when his figure is no longer seen : she leans her head upon her arm. She is faithful to him, as the lake to the mountain !

Chorus of Youths.

Hours fly ! it is Noon : fierce is the restless sun ! While he labours, he thinks of her ! while he controls others, he will obey her ! A strong man subdued by love, is like a vineyard silvered by the moon !

Chorus of Youths and Maidens.

Hours fly ! it is Eve : the soft star lights him to his home ! she meets him as his shadow falls on the threshold ! she smiles, and their child, stretching forth its tender hands from its mother's bosom, struggles to lisp 'Father !'

Chorus of Maidens.

Years glide! it is Youth: they sit within a secret bower. Purity is in her raptured eyes—Faith in his warm embrace. He must fly! He kisses his farewell: the fresh tears are on her cheek! He has gathered a lily with the dew upon its leaves!

Chorus of Youths.

Years glide! it is Manhood. He is in the fierce Camp: he is in the deceitful Court. He must mingle sometimes with others, that he may be always with her! In the false world, she is to him like a green olive among rocks!

Chorus of Youths and Maidens.

Years glide! it is Old Age. They sit beneath a branching elm. As the moon rises on the sunset green, their children dance before them! Her hand is in his—they look upon their children, and then upon each other!

"The fellow has some fancy," said the old Lord, "but given, I think, to conceits. I did not exactly catch the passage about the bridge, but I have no doubt it was all right."

Vivian was now invited to the pavilion, where refreshments were prepared. Here our hero was introduced to many other guests, relations of the family, who were on a visit at the castle, and who had been on the lake at the moment of his arrival.

"This gentleman," said the old Lord, pointing to Vivian, "is my son's most particular friend, and I am quite sure that you are all delighted to see him. He arrived here quite accidentally—his carriage having fortunately broken down in passing one of the streams. All those rivulets should have bridges built over them! A single arch would do:—one bold single arch, of the same masonry as my new bridge, with a very large key-stone, and the buttresses of the arch rounded, so that the water should play against them—no angles to be eaten, and torn, and crumbled away. A fine bridge with the arches well propor-

tioned, and the key-stones bold, and the buttresses well rounded, is one of the grandest and most inspiriting sights I know. I could look at my new bridge for ever. I often ask myself 'Now how can such a piece of masonry ever be destroyed?' It seems quite impossible; does not it? We all know—Experience teaches us all—that every thing has an end; and yet, whenever I look at that bridge, I often think that it can only end, when all things end. I will take you over it myself, Mr. Grey: it is not fair, because you came a day too late, that you should miss the finest sight of all. If you had only been here yesterday, I am sure you would have said it was the happiest day in your life!"

The old gentleman proceeded to give Vivian a long description of the ceremony. He was terribly disappointed, and equally annoyed, when he found that our hero could not be present at the festivities of the morrow. At first my Lord was singularly deaf; he could not conceive the bare idea of the possibility of any person wishing to leave him at the present

moment; but when his guest assured, and finally by frequent repetition made him understand, that nothing but the most peremptory business could command, under such circumstances, his presence at Vienna; the old gentleman, a great stickler for duty, and a great respecter of public business, which he had persuaded himself could alone prevail upon Vivian to make such a sacrifice, kindly commiserated his situation; and consoled him by saying, that he thought he was the most unlucky fellow with whom he ever had the pleasure of being acquainted. "To come just one day after the bridge! and then to go off just the morning before the fête champêtre! It is very hard for you! I quite pity you; don't you, my dear sister?" bawled he to the old lady. "But what is the use of speaking to her, poor dear! it is a great misfortune to be so very deaf! It seems to me that she gets worse every day."

"I am glad, Sir," said the old lady to Vivian, seeing that she was spoken to; "I am glad that we shall have the pleasure of your company at the fête to-morrow. My dear

brother!" bawled she to the old gentleman, "you feel, I am sure, very happy that Eugene's friend has arrived so fortunately to participate in the pleasures of the fête. But what is the use of speaking to him! poor creature! it is a great denial to him to be so very deaf! I fear it gains on him hourly!"

In the evening they all waltzed upon the green. The large yellow moon had risen; and a more agreeable sight, than to witness two or three hundred persons so gaily occupied, and in such a scene, is not easy to imagine. How beautiful was the stern old castle, softened by the moonlight, the illumined lake, the richly silvered foliage of the woods, and the white brilliant cataract!

Vivian waltzed with the bride, little qualified as he now was to engage in the light dance! But to refuse the distinguished honour was impossible; and so, in spite of his misery, he was soon spinning on the green. The mockery, however, could not be long kept up; and pleading overwhelming fatigue, from late travelling, and gently hinting to Eugene, that from do-

mestic circumstances the present interesting occasion could alone have justified him in the slightest degree joining in any thing which bore the appearance of lightness and revelry, he left the green.

His carriage was now being repaired by the castle smith; and by the advice and with the assistance of the old lord, he had engaged the brother of the family steward, who was a voiturier, about to set off for Vienna the next morning, to take charge of his equipage and luggage, as far as Burkesdorf, which was about ten miles from Vienna. At that place, Vivian and Essper were also to arrive on the afternoon of their second day's journey. They would there meet the carriage, and get into Vienna before dusk.

As the castle was quite full of visitors, its hospitable master apologized to Vivian for lodging him for the night, at the cottage of one of his favourite tenants. Nothing would give greater pleasure to Vivian than this circumstance, nor more annoyance to the worthy old gentleman.

The cottage belonged to the victor in the

Regatta, who himself conducted the visitor to his dwelling. Vivian did not press Essper's leaving the revellers, so great an acquisition did he seem to their sports! Teaching them a thousand new games, and playing all manner of antics; but perhaps none of his powers surprised them more, than the extraordinary facility and freedom with which he had acquired, and used all their names. The cottager's pretty wife had gone home an hour before her husband, to put her two fair-haired children to bed, and prepare her guest's accommodation for the night. Nothing could be more romantic and lovely than the situation of the cottage. It stood just on the gentle slope of the mountain's base, not a hundred yards from the lower waterfall. It was in the middle of a patch of highly cultivated ground, which bore creditable evidence to the industry of its proprietor. Fruit trees, Turkey corn, vines, and flax, flourished in the greatest luxuriance. The dwelling itself was covered with myrtle and arbutus, and the tall lemon-plant perfumed the window of the sitting-room. The casement

of Vivian's chamber opened full on the foaming cataract. The distant murmur of the mighty waterfall, the gentle sighing of the trees, the soothing influence of the moonlight, and the faint sounds occasionally caught of dying revelry—the joyous exclamation of some successful candidate in the day's games, the song of some returning lover, the plash of an oar in the lake—all combined to produce that pensive mood, in which we find ourselves involuntarily reviewing the history of our life.

As Vivian was musing over the last harassing months of his burthensome existence, he could not help feeling that there was only one person in the world on whom his memory could dwell with solace and satisfaction; and this person was Lady Madeleine Trevor!

It was true that with her he had passed some most agonizing hours; but he could not forget the angelic resignation with which her own affliction had been borne, and the soothing converse by which his had been alleviated. This train of thought was pursued till his aching mind sunk into indefiniteness. He

sat, for some little time, almost unconscious of existence, till the crying of a child, waked by its father's return, brought him back to the present scene. His thoughts naturally ran to his friend Eugene. Surely this youthful bridegroom might reckon upon happiness! Again Lady Madeleine recurred to him. Suddenly he observed a wonderful appearance in the sky. The moon was paled in the high heavens, and surrounded by luminous rings—almost as vividly tinted as the rainbow—spreading, and growing fainter, till they covered nearly half the firmament. It was a glorious, and almost unprecedented halo!

CHAPTER V.

The Sun rose red, the air was thick and hot. Anticipating that the day would be very oppressive, Vivian and Essper were on their horses' backs at an early hour. Already, however, many of the rustic revellers were about, and preparations were commencing for the fête champêtre, which this day was to close the wedding festivities. Many and sad were the looks which Essper George cast behind him, at the old castle on the lake. "No good luck can come of it!" said he to his horse; for Vivian did not encourage conversation. "Oh! master of mine, when wilt thou know the meaning of good quarters! To leave such a place, and at such a time! Why, Turriparva was

nothing to it! The day before marriage, and the hour before death, is when a man thinks least of his purse, and most of his neighbour—And where are we going? I slept the other night in a cradle: and, for aught I know, I may sleep this one in a coffin! I, who am now as little fit for rough riding, and rough eating, and rough sleeping, as a pet monkey with a scalded tail! Oh! man, man, what art thou, that the eye of a girl can make thee so pass all discretion, that thou wilt sacrifice for the whim of a moment, good cheer enough to make thee last an age!"

Vivian had intended to stop and breakfast, after riding about ten miles; but he had not proceeded half that way, when, from the extreme sultriness of the morning, he found it impossible to advance without refreshment. Max, also, to his rider's surprise, was much distressed; and, on turning round to his servant, Vivian found Essper's hack panting and puffing, and breaking out, as if, instead of commencing their day's work, they were near reaching their point of destination.

"Why, how now, Essper? One would think that we had been riding all night. What ails the beast?"

"In truth, Sir, that which ails its rider; the poor dumb brute has more sense than some —not exactly brutes,—who have the gift of speech. Who ever heard of a horse leaving good quarters without much regretting the indiscretion; and seeing such a promising road as this before him, without much desiring to retrace his steps? Is there marvel, your Highness?"

"The closeness of the air is so oppressive, that I do not wonder at even Max being distressed. Perhaps when the Sun is higher, and has cleared away the vapours, it may be more endurable: as it is, I think we had better stop at once, and breakfast here. This wood is as inviting as, I trust, are the contents of your basket!"

"St. Florian devour them!" said Essper, in a very pious voice; "if I agree not with your Highness; and as for the basket, although we have left the land of milk and honey, by the

blessing of our Black Lady! I have that within it, which would put courage in the heart of a caught-mouse. Although we may not breakfast on bride-cake and beccaficos, yet is a neat's tongue better than a fox's tail; and I have ever held a bottle of Rhenish to be superior to rain-water, even though the element be filtered through a gutter. Nor, by All Saints! have I forgotten a bottle of Kerchen Wasser, from the Black Forest; nor a keg of Dantzic brandy, a glass of which, when travelling at night, I am ever accustomed to take after my prayers; for I have always observed, that though devotion doth sufficiently warm up the soul, the body all the time is rather the colder for stopping under a tree to tell its beads."

The travellers, accordingly led their horses a few yards into the wood, and soon met, as they had expected, with a small green glade.—It was surrounded, except at the slight opening by which they had entered it, with fine Spanish chesnut trees; which now, loaded with their large brown fruit, rich and ripe, clustered in the starry foliage, afforded a retreat as beautiful

to the eye, as its shade was grateful to their senses. Vivian dismounted, and stretching out his legs, leant back against the trunk of a tree; and Essper, having fastened Max and his own horse to some branches, proceeded to display his stores. Vivian was silent, thoughtful, and scarcely tasted any thing: Essper George, on the contrary, was in unusual and even troublesome spirits; and had not his appetite necessarily produced a few pauses in his almost perpetual rattle, the patience of his master would have been fairly worn out. At length Essper had devoured the whole supply; and as Vivian not only did not encourage his remarks, but even in a peremptory manner had desired his silence, he was fain to amuse himself by trying to catch in his mouth a large brilliant fly, which every instant was dancing before him. Two individuals, more singularly contrasting in their appearance than the master and the servant, could scarcely be conceived; and Vivian lying with his back against a tree, with his legs stretched out, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the ground; and Essper, though

seated, in perpetual motion, and shifting his posture with feverish restlessness—now looking over his shoulder for the fly, then making an unsuccessful bite at it, and then wearied with his frequent failures, amusing himself with acting Punch with his thumbs—altogether presented two figures, which might have been considered as not inapt personifications of the rival systems of Idealism and Materialism.

At length Essper became silent for the sake of variety; and imagining from his master's example, that there must be some sweets in meditation hitherto undiscovered by him, he imitated Vivian's posture! So perverse is human nature, that the moment Vivian was aware that Essper was perfectly silent, he began to feel an inclination to converse with him.

"Why, Essper!" said he, looking up and smiling; "this is the first time during our acquaintance, that I have ever seen thought upon your brow. What can now be puzzling your wild brain?"

"I was thinking, Sir," said Essper, with a very solemn look, "that if there were a de-

ceased field-mouse here, I would moralize on Death."

"What! turned philosopher!"

"Ay! Sir—it appears to me," said he, taking up a husk which lay on the turf, "that there is not a nut-shell in Christendom, which may not become matter for very grave meditation!"

"Can you expound that?"

"Verily, Sir, the whole philosophy of life seems to me to consist in discovering the kernel. When you see a courtier out of favour, or a merchant out of credit—when you see a soldier without pillage, a sailor without prize-money, and a lawyer without papers—a bachelor with nephews, and an old maid with nieces—be assured the nut is not worth the cracking, and send it to the winds, as I do this husk at present."

"Why, Essper!" said Vivian laughing, "considering that you have taken your degree so lately, you wear the Doctor's cap with authority! Instead of being in your noviciate, one would think that you had been a philosopher long enough to have outlived your system."

"Bless your Highness! for philosophy, I sucked it in with my mother's milk. Nature then gave me the hint, which I have ever since acted on; and I hold, that the sum of all learning, consists in milking another man's cow. So much for the recent acquisition of my philosophy! I gained it, you see, your Highness, with the first wink of my eye; and though I lost a great portion of it by sea-sickness in the Mediterranean, nevertheless, since I served your Highness, I have assumed my old habits; and do opine that this vain globe is but a large football, to be kicked and cuffed about by moody philosophers!"

"You must have seen a great deal in your life, Master Essper," said Vivian, who was amused by his servant's quaint humour.

"Like all great travellers," said Essper, "I have seen more than I remember, and remember more than I have seen."

"Have you any objection to go to the East again?" asked Vivian. "It would require but little persuasion to lead me there."

"I would rather go to a place where the re-

ligion is easier: I wish your Highness would take me to England!"

"Nay, not there with me—if with others."

"With you—or with none."

"I cannot conceive, Essper, what can induce you to tie up your fortunes with those of such a sad looking personage as myself."

"In truth, your Highness, there is no accounting for tastes. My grandmother loved a brindled cat!"

"Your grandmother, Essper! Nothing would amuse me more than to be introduced to your family."

"My family, Sir, are nothing more, nor less, than what all of us must be counted—worms of five feet long—mortal angels—the world's epitome—heaps of atoms, which Nature has kneaded with blood into solid flesh—little worlds of living clay—sparks of heaven—inches of earth—Nature's quintessence—moving dust—the little all—smooth-faced cherubim, in whose souls the King of stars has drawn the image of himself!"

"And how many years has breathed the

worm of five feet long, that I am now speaking to?"

"Good, your Highness, I was no head at calculating from a boy; but I do remember that I am two days older than one of the planets."

"How is that?"

"There was one born in the sky, Sir, the day I was christened with a Turkish crescent."

"Come, Essper," said Vivian, who was rather interested by the conversation; Essper having, until this morning, skilfully avoided any discourse upon the subject of his birth or family, adroitly turning the conversation whenever it chanced to approach these subjects, and silencing enquiries, if commenced, by some ludicrous and evidently fictitious answer. "Come, Essper," said Vivian, "I feel by no means in the humour to quit this shady retreat. You and I have now known each other long, and gone through much together. It is but fair that I should become better acquainted with one who, to me, is not only a faithful servant, but what is more valuable, a faithful friend—I might now almost add, my only one. What say you to wiling away a

passing hour, by giving me some sketch of your curious and adventurous life. If there be any thing that you wish to conceal, pass it over; but no invention; nothing but the truth, if you please—the whole truth, if you like."

"Why, your Highness, as for this odd knot of soul and body, which none but the hand of Heaven could have twined, it was first seen, I believe, near the very spot where we are now sitting; for my mother, when I saw her first, and last, lived in Bohemia. She was an Egyptian, and came herself from the Levant. I lived a week, Sir, in the Seraglio, when I was at Constantinople, and I saw there, the brightest women of all countries; Georgians and Circassians, and Poles; in truth, Sir, Nature's masterpieces; and yet, by the Gods of all nations! there was not one of them half as lovely as the lady who gave me this tongue!" Here Essper exhibited at full length, the enormous feature, which had so much enraged the one-eyed serjeant at Frankfort.

"When I first remember myself," he continued, "I was playing with some other gipsey-

boys, in the midst of a forest. Here was our settlement! It was large and powerful. My mother, probably from her beauty, possessed great influence, particularly among the men; and yet, I found not among them all, a father. On the contrary, every one of my companions had a man whom he reverenced as his parent, and who taught him to steal; but I was called by the whole tribe—the mother-son—and was honest, from my first year, out of mere wilfulness; at least, if I stole any thing it was always from our own people. Many were the quarrels I occasioned; since, presuming on my mother's love and power, I never called mischief a scrape; but acting just as my fancy took me, I left those who suffered by my conduct to apologize for my ill-behaviour. Being thus an idle, unprofitable, impudent, and injurious member of this pure community, they determined one day to cast me out from their bosom; and in spite of my mother's exertions and entreaties, the ungrateful vipers succeeded in their purpose. As a compliment to my parent, they allowed me to tender my resignation, instead of

receiving my expulsion. My dear mother gave me a donkey, a wallet, and a ducat, a great deal of advice about my future conduct, and, what was more interesting to me, much information about my birth.

"'Sweet child of my womb!' said my mother, pressing me to her bosom; 'be proud of thy white hands and straight nose! Thou gottest them not from me, and thou shalt take them from whence they came. Thy father is a Hungarian Prince; and though I would not have parted with thee, had I thought that thou wouldst ever have prospered in our life—even if he had made thee his child of the law, and lord of his castle—still, as thou canst not tarry with us, haste thou to him! Give him this ring and this lock of hair; tell him, none have seen them but the father, the mother, and the child! He will look on them, and remember the days that are passed; and thou shalt be unto him as a hope for his lusty years, and a prop for his old age!'

"My mother gave me all necessary directions,

which I well remembered; and much more advice, which I directly forgot.

"Although tempted, now that I was a freeman, to follow my own fancy, I still was too curious to see what kind of a person was my unknown father, to deviate either from my route, or my maternal instructions; and in a fortnight's time, I had reached my future Principality.

"The Sun sunk behind the proud castle of my princely father; as, trotting slowly along upon my humble beast, with my wallet slung at my side, I approached it through his park. A guard, consisting of twenty or thirty men in magnificent uniforms, were lounging at the portal. I—— but, your Highness, what is the meaning of this darkness? I always made a vow to myself, that I never would tell my history—Ah! murder! murder! what ails me?"

A large eagle fell dead at their feet.

"Protect me, master!" screamed Essper, seizing Vivian by the shoulder, "what is

coming! I cannot stand—the earth seems to tremble! Is it the wind that roars and rages? or is it ten thousand cannon blowing this globe to atoms?"

"It is—it must be the wind!" said Vivian, very agitated. "We are not safe under these trees: look to the horses!"

"I will, I will," said Essper; "if I can stand. Out—out of the forest! Ah, look at Max!"

Vivian turned, and beheld his spirited horse raised on his hind legs, and dashing his fore feet against the trunk of the tree to which they had tied him. The terrified and furious creature was struggling to disengage himself, and would probably have sustained, or inflicted, some terrible injury, had not the wind suddenly hushed. Covered with foam, he stood panting, while Vivian patted and encouraged him. Essper's less spirited beast, had, from the first, crouched upon the earth, covered with sweat, his limbs quivering, and his tongue hanging out.

"Master!" said Essper; "what shall we do? Is there any chance of getting back to

the Castle? I am sure our very lives are in danger.—See that tremendous cloud! It looks like eternal night!—Whither shall we go—what shall we do!"

"Make for the Castle—the Castle!" said Vivian, mounting.

They had just got into the road, when another terrific gust of wind nearly took them off their horses; and blinded them with the clouds of sand, which it drove out of the crevices of the mountains.

They looked round on every side, and Hope gave way before the scene of desolation. Immense branches were shivered from the largest trees; small ones were entirely stripped of their leaves; the long grass was bowed to the earth; the waters were whirled in eddies out of the little rivulets; birds deserting their nest to seek shelter in the crevices of the rocks, unable to stem the driving air, flapped their wings, and fell upon the earth: the frightened animals in the plain—almost suffocated by the impetuosity of the wind—sought safety, and found destruction: some of the largest trees were

torn up by the roots; the sluices of the mountains were filled, and innumerable torrents rushed down the before-empty gulleys. The Heavens now open, and lightning and thunder contend with the horrors of the wind!

In a moment all was again hushed.—Dead silence succeeded the bellow of the thunder—the roar of the wind—the rush of the waters—the moaning of the beasts—the screaming of the birds! Nothing was heard, save the plash of the agitated lake, as it beat up against the black rocks which girt it in.

"Master!" again said Essper, "Is this the day of doom?"

"Keep by my side, Essper; keep close, make the best of this pause: let us but reach the village!"

Scarcely had Vivian spoken, when greater darkness enveloped the trembling Earth. Again the heavens were rent with lightning, which nothing could have quenched but the descending deluge. Cataracts poured down from the lowering firmament. In an instant the horses dashed round; beast and rider, blinded and

stifled by the gushing rain, and gasping for breath. Shelter was no where. The quivering beasts reared, and snorted, and sunk upon their knees. The horsemen were dismounted. With wonderful presence of mind, Vivian succeeded in hood-winking Max, who was still furious: the other horse appeared nearly exhausted. Essper, beside himself with terror, could only hang over its neck.

Another awful calm.

"Courage, courage, Essper!" said Vivian. "We are still safe: look up, my man! the storm cannot last long thus, and see!—I am sure the clouds are breaking."

The heavy mass of vapour which had seemed to threaten the earth with instant destruction, suddenly parted. The red and lurid Sun was visible, but his light and heat were quenched in the still impending waters.

"Mount! mount! Essper!" said Vivian, "this is our only chance; five minutes good speed will take us to the village."

Encouraged by his master's example, Essper, once more got upon his horse; and the panting

animals, relieved by the cessation of the hurricane, carried them at a fair pace towards the village, considering that their road was now impeded by the overflowing of the lake.

"Master! master!" said Essper, "cannot we get out of these waters?"

He had scarcely spoken, before a terrific burst—a noise, they knew not what—a rush they could not understand—a vibration which shook them on their horses—made them start back, and again dismount. Every terror sunk before the appalling roar of the cataract. It seemed that the mighty mountain, unable to support its weight of waters, shook to the foundation. A lake had burst on its summit, and the cataract became a falling Ocean. The source of the great deep appeared to be discharging itsel over the range of mountains; the great grey peak tottered on its foundations!—It shook!—it fell!—and buried in its ruins, the Castle, th village, and the bridge!

Vivian with starting eyes beheld the whol washed away; instinct gave him energy t throw himself on the back of his horse,—

breath—and he had leaped up the nearest hill! Essper George, in a state of distraction, was madly laughing as he climbed to the top of a high tree: his horse was carried off in the drowning waters, which had now reached the road.

"The desolation is complete!" thought Vivian. At this moment the wind again rose—the rain again descended—the heavens again opened—the lightning again flashed!—An amethystine flame hung upon rocks and waters, and through the raging elements a yellow fork darted its fatal point at Essper's resting place. The tree fell! Vivian's horse, with a maddened snort, dashed down the hill; his master, senseless, clung to his neck; the frantic animal was past all government—he stood upright in the air—flung his rider—and fell dead!

Here leave we Vivian! It was my wish to have detailed, in the present portion of this work, the singular adventures which befel him in one of the most delightful of modern cities—light-hearted Vienna! But his history has expanded under my pen, and I fear that I

have, even now, too much presumed upon an attention which, probably, I am not entitled to command. I am, as yet, but standing without the gate of the Garden of Romance. True it is, that as I gaze through the ivory bars of its Golden Portal, I would fain believe that, following my roving fancy, I might arrive at some green retreats hitherto unexplored, and loiter among some leafy bowers where none have lingered before me. But these expectations may be as vain as those dreams of our Youth, over which we have all mourned. The Disappointment of Manhood succeeds to the Delusion of Youth: let us hope that the heritage of Old Age is not Despair!

Sweet reader! I trust that neither you, nor myself, have any cause to repent our brief connection. I see we part good friends—and so I press you gently by the hand!

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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